

JULY • 1951

Christian Herald

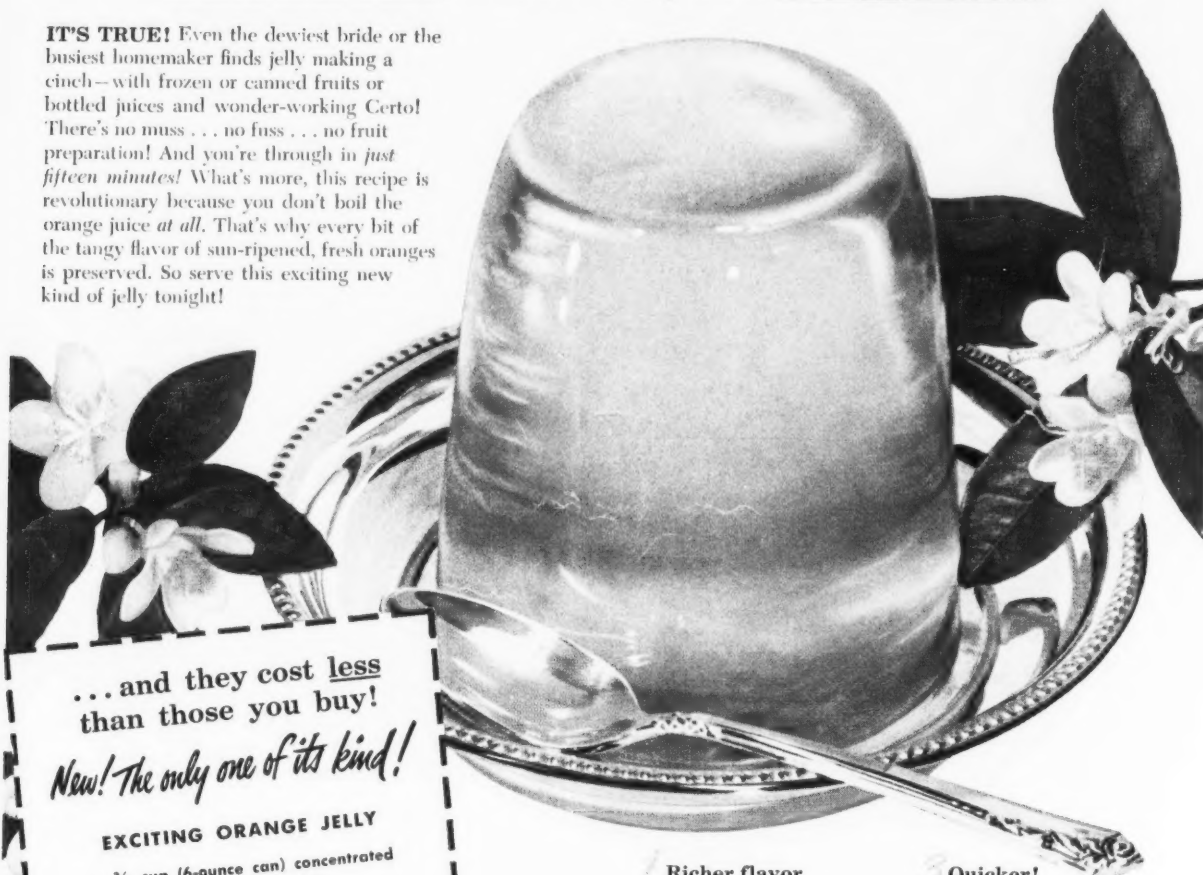


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Christian Herald

DANIEL A. POLING, *Editor*

JULY • 1951

ARTICLES

- FLIGHT INTO FREEDOM.....Harro Meller 13
 THE WAY TO GREATNESS.....J. C. Penney 14
 THE SONS OF THE DEAD.....Hartzell Spence 26
 CHRISTIAN BEHIND THE PLATE.....Edgar C. Scott, Jr. 19
 TERROR IN YOUR TOWN.....Howard Whitman 20
 CONFESSIONS OF AN EX-"LIBERAL".....Erma Ferrari 23
 THE SHEPHERDESS WHO BLEACHES
 BLACK SHEEP.....Gertrude M. Pomeroy 16
 ENLARGE YOUR HYMN REPERTOIRE.....Jane Kirk 28
 A BELL FOR BERNIE.....Dale Hamilton 41

FICTION

- THE WAY TO A WOMAN'S HEART.....Ella Mae Charlton 15

SERMON

- FREEDOM'S CROWNING HOUR.....Howard C. Scharfe 18

REGULAR FEATURES

- | | | | |
|----------------------------|----|----------------------------|----|
| Among Those Present..... | 3 | Woman's Place..... | 28 |
| Questions and Answers..... | 4 | Shopping Corner..... | 33 |
| Poetry..... | 6 | Daily Meditations..... | 34 |
| News Digest..... | 7 | Sunday School Lessons..... | 44 |
| Editorials..... | 12 | Children's Page..... | 49 |
| The Bulletin Board..... | 22 | Book Reviews..... | 52 |
| Parson Larson Says..... | 24 | Motion Pictures..... | 56 |
| "I Remember"..... | 25 | Back Talk..... | 64 |

COVER: First Prayer in Congress. A painting by Mitchell Hooks. See page 7.
FRONTISPIECE: Independence Hall, Philadelphia. Photo by A. Devaney, Inc.

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO: 27 East 39th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

COMING NEXT MONTH...

SMUGGLERS AND BURIED TREASURE: With as many picturesque elements and as fascinating reading as Stevenson's "Treasure Island" this is the story of the recent finding of ancient biblical scrolls in Palestine. A band of Bedouin smugglers stumbled on them in a desert cave; furtively they tried to peddle them in Bethlehem... but read the entire enthralling account in August.

WAR BEGINS AT HOME: Ruth Ikerman, a housewife, declares war on Stalin! With her kitchen as a battleground, she opens fire on Communism. And what *she* does, *you* can do! Don't miss this down-to-earth, fighting article. Moscow papers, please copy!

SURVEY: The findings of our annual statistical survey of church membership appear next month. Widely read and widely quoted, they afford an accurate picture of just how American churches are faring in these perilous times. Look for THE STATE OF THE CHURCH.

NEGRO JUDGE: Albert Q. Maisel writes a warm and heartening account of the outstanding achievements of a Negro judge in Miami, of the tremendous amount of good he has done for the city's large Negro colony. Don't miss HIS COURT IS A CLASSROOM.

HOLY COMMUNION BY RADIO: That's the newest and probably most soul-satisfying service available to shut-ins from a Trenton, N. J. station. How this unusual program is handled is told by Kenneth L. Wilson in a lively "Folks You Should Know" piece.

"LITTLE JETTS": You've probably seen these squiggly, ant-like figures. They illustrate biblical truths in a kind of droll and appealing manner. They are the creation of the Rev. Wade C. Smith who is also a fisherman of note and an indefatigable pastor. An unusual person, his is an interesting story. Harry G. Sandstrom tells it in FATHER OF THE "LITTLE JETTS."

Plus all the regular departments and features — and many other articles, stories, poems

A FAMILY MAGAZINE, independent and interdenominational... dedicated to the promotion of evangelical Christianity, church unity, religious and racial understanding, world peace; the solving of the liquor problem, the service of the needy at home and abroad, and to cooperation with all who seek the establishment of a more Christian world.

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MICHELE de SANTIS
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Associate Editors

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HARRY G. SANDSTROM

KENNETH L. WILSON

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Among Those Present

Howard Whitman (*Terror in Your Town*, page 20) is the author of the explosive series of articles, which appeared in *Collier's*, dealing with the appalling increase in "crimes against people" in our big cities. The series was subsequently published in book form under the title, "Terror in the Streets." This is the high point in Mr. Whitman's long and productive career of just this kind of reporting of the American scene. Born in Cleveland, he graduated from Western Reserve U. with a Phi Beta Kappa key. He did a stint on the *Paris Herald* and another on the *London Daily Express* and then returned to New York for a newspaper and magazine career which was interrupted by a spell as war correspondent during World War II. He recently moved to Westport, Conn., where he now lives with his wife and two children.

Ella Mae Charlton (*Way to a Woman's Heart*, page 15) relates that the thrill of selling a first story to CHRISTIAN HERALD ("First Dress," Sept. '47) was exceeded only by the sale of the second one. "Writing is more than a hobby with me, it is a must," she declares. "Practically everything I write goes in the religious and church-school field and I think the possibilities are unlimited." Although she has three daughters and a husband and her household responsibilities and other duties are legion, she still manages to find time to sit at the typewriter. "If keeping busy means keeping happy," she avers, "then there can be no doubt of my being happy." Her home is in Shreveport, La.



Gertrude M. Pomeroy (*The Shepherdess Who Bleaches Black Sheep*, page 26) declares that an unusual thing about her writing career is that it began when she was 50! Her born - and - brought-ups took place in Cleveland; highlights of her youth were off - the - beaten - path travels with her physician-father. One such memorable excursion was a voyage from Newport News, Va., to Boston on the last of the five-masted freight-carrying schooners. Then Smith College, Northampton, Mass., followed by teaching school and studying advertising.

She now lives and works in the ancestral homestead (a station of the underground railway in Civil War days) built by her pioneer grandfather a century ago in Strongsville, Ohio.

JULY 1951

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you can be sure you are showing good taste.

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DE LUXE ASSORTMENT

A big, colorful variety of luxurious metallic, Kromekote and velour cards that will outshine all other "de luxe" assortments. Best-loved Christmas designs. Short, meaningful greetings. Fourteen large 5x6 folders that would cost 25 cents each, or more, over the counter—and yet the entire box sells for only \$1.25.

No. G8951 (The blue and gold box.)

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21 Folders Twenty-one unusual folders designed by experienced Christian artists. Just-right sentiments and Bible verses and many expensive features such as metallic seals and backgrounds, crinkled acetate, printed plastic inserts, novel hand folds, gold printing, embossing and die cutting.

The most popular religious Christmas assortment on the market! (Comes two ways. Order your choice or both today.)

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So I am making the same announcement once again: I want to reach every true Christian who is longing for the coming of the King, and I am doing my part to accomplish it. Whether I reach you depends on yourself.

Just enclose 25c (stamps will do) in a letter and say, "I long for the coming of the King; send me your message." If you are not earnestly interested in the coming of Christ's Kingdom, please do not answer this advertisement.

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Our work merits your every confidence. It is a program of world-wide Gospel testimony to the Jews. Your fellowship in prayer and in gift is always welcome and appreciated. Our monthly publication, THE CHOSEN PEOPLE, is of course sent to all contributors.

Your Jewish Mission, in addition to all of its regular Gospel privileges throughout the world now also ministers to a world-wide Jewry in such distress as Israel has not known since the centuries began. And this we can only continue to do as the church of the Lord Jesus Christ, awakened and aroused to a new realization of stark realism, will enable us.

J. Hoffman Cohn,
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Dear Brother: I too long for the coming of the King; herein I enclose 25c: send me your message. I also joyfully enclose \$..... as my fellowship with you in your world-wide Gospel ministry to Israel.

Name

Address

City State.....



Dr. Poling ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS

Increased Postal Rates

• We note a large number of religious papers are complaining about increased postal rates. The Post Office is now facing a deficit of \$550,000,000 annually. Don't you think the religious papers of the country should have editorials demanding that the Post Office Department be permitted to advance rates instead of complaining about the increase?

ILLINOIS

C. H.

I, of course, disagree with you. More efficient methods in the Post Office Department would, I believe, wipe out the deficit. My statement made before the Postal Committees of the House of Representatives and of the Senate expressed my convictions and those of my associates. Virtually all of the 910 religious magazines presently being published are non-profit. Their total circulation is in excess of 47,000,000—this compared with a total of 55,000,000 for daily newspapers. The maximum this religious group would contribute to the increase proposed would be \$1,420,000. But this amount, so small against the total deficit—only one fortieth of that total—would impair the operation of practically every one of the religious journals and it would destroy many. Certainly when the supreme motive of these troublous times is winning the war of ideas of God versus anti-God, to enfeeble the religious press would be a tragedy of major proportions.

Automobile Television

• Do you think that television should be allowed in automobiles?

NEW YORK

D. F.

Absolutely "no." This, added to one-hand driving, gasoline mixed with alcohol, radios already installed and a few other things that you will think of, would make the roads just about 100% unsafe for America. Governor Dewey has signed a bill making it illegal to operate, on public highways of New York State, automobiles equipped with television—and I am for that.

Do Children Age in Heaven?

• Do little children grow up in heaven, or are they always babies and little children?

MINNESOTA

E. G.

I cannot answer this question and I find myself with conflicting deep

emotions. When I think of heaven without babies and little children—think as mortals think in time and space—it just doesn't seem like heaven! Here and now the little ones bring us closest to heaven. On the other hand, heaven is fulfilment, completion—and I cannot think of anything stunted, retarded, immature or incomplete in what my mother called "Beulah-land." My brother died at seven, long ago, and I think of him as fully a man now. I have a certain eagerness in waiting for that recognition and reunion.

Christian Masons

• Twice in CHRISTIAN HERALD you have made statements to the effect that you believe it is quite possible to be a Mason and yet a devout Christian. I not only beg to differ, but my conscience bids me protest such statements. Why do you make them?

CALIFORNIA

A. H. C.

Because they are true, I disagree with you completely, but respect your convictions as I am sure you respect mine. My devout father was a Mason and his father, too. The latter died at 89 and was still active in the ministry. My father died at 90 and never ceased to practice the Gospel he preached, in humility and with great power. My belief in this matter is something more than that. It is an experience.

Dancing

• Did you ever see a Christian dancing or know a dancing Christian?

PENNSYLVANIA

M. L. A.

Yes, to both. I do not dance.

Worship in Other Churches

• I have been severely criticized by my pastor because on occasion I have visited churches of other denominations than my own, where I have found comfort and inspiration. He tells me that these other churches do not teach the real salvation. I am anxious to help my little son and I seek earnestly to be a true Christian. What do you think?

WASHINGTON

E. V.

I think that it is inexcusable and ridiculous to criticize you because you have attended other churches and found comfort and inspiration in your worship. Pay no attention to it. Members of my church who sometimes did as you have done were all the better for having made their occasional visits.

You are following the right course and I am sure your little boy will be blessed accordingly.

Once Saved, Always Saved?

• I have been taught that the Bible teaches if a person is once saved it means always saved. But some people say the Bible does not teach this. Which is right?

PENNSYLVANIA

R. M.

This is the \$64 question! It has never been answered to everyone's satisfaction. There are two positions—Calvinist, which says once saved always saved, and Arminian, which says that you can still be lost after you are saved. Scriptures to support each position: Calvinist: John 10:29; 1 John 3:2 ("sons of God"—once a son, always a son). Arminian: II Timothy 4:2-4; Matthew 10:22; Matthew 10:28. One answer might be that the Christian should live *confidently* in the love of God, as a child of God, but *carefully*, as one who forgets that which is past and reaches forth unto those things which are ahead.

Animals in Heaven

• Really now, do you have only one passage of Scripture (and a flimsy pretense it is, I think) on which to base your belief that animals go to Heaven?

CONNECTICUT

N. B.

I stated that it was not a matter of reasons, Scriptural or otherwise. I merely said, "I believe," but here are passages that certain other "believers" insist should be on the record: Isaiah 65:25; Isaiah 11:6-9; Genesis 1:25; Daniel 7:27.

Contradictory Translation?

• Is not "Lead us not into temptation" contradictory to "He is not tempted, neither does he tempt any man"? Since the Hebrew language does not have many prepositions, would not the translation better be: "Lead us through temptation"?

NEW YORK

G. L. V.

A very fine question, this, with its own answer. Another correspondent suggests: "Leave us not in temptation."

Cain's Wife

• Our Sunday school is troubled by the question: "Where did Cain get his wife?" Have you the answer?

NEBRASKA

C. H. G.

No. This question has troubled more than one Sunday school! But certainly if God could create all things, including Adam and Eve, he would have no difficulty in producing a wife for Cain, the son of Adam. Better rest the case right here.



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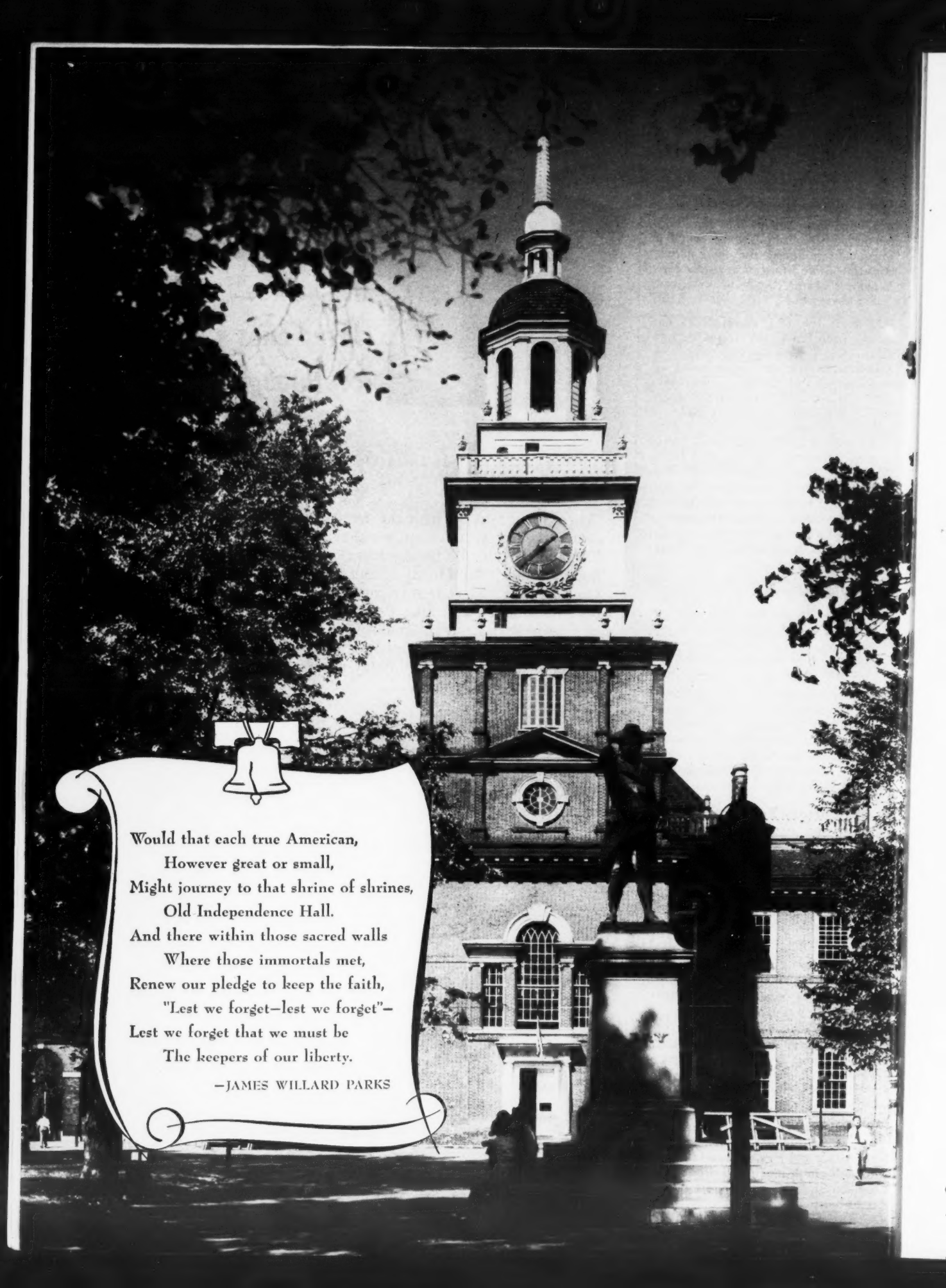
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Would that each true American,
However great or small,
Might journey to that shrine of shrines,
Old Independence Hall.
And there within those sacred walls
Where those immortals met,
Renew our pledge to keep the faith,
"Lest we forget—lest we forget"—
Lest we forget that we must be
The keepers of our liberty.

—JAMES WILLARD PARKS



• AT HOME •

LOYALTY: Everybody in Washington is making a speech. They say pretty much the same thing: the world's in sorry shape and it's up to John Q. Citizen on Maple Street to be loyal to his government. We'll buy that. It's good advice. But can't just *one* speech-maker get another point into his address? The point: government also has an obligation. It is the obligation to inspire loyalty.

We'd feel a lot more like breaking into the "Star-Spangled Banner" if we honestly believed, for example, that the MacArthur investigation was trying to find out exactly what happened in China and Korea. It looks to us instead as if a crowd of Democrats are attempting to discredit a crowd of Republicans and vice versa. We get the feeling that some people are more interested in saving political face than our collective necks.

Frankly, we're not inclined to cheer when Republican Messrs. Jenner, Capehart and McCarthy unitedly whoop it up for anything or anyone, even General MacArthur. Nor are we impressed by the integrity of Democrats who boo a great general's views then forthwith hasten to carry out a good share of his recommendations! It looks to us as if great and patriotic military men are being pushed into somebody else's private war—a move that is calculated to inspire very little public confidence on behalf of pushers of whatever stripe.

SINGLE-HANDED: In the mountains of North Carolina, if not in Washington, there were deeds to make America proud. Dr. Mary T. Martin Sloop, 77 years old, has blessed a whole county with her unselfish life. More than 3000 children have had her mothering in the mountain school she founded at Crossnore. In addition to that full scale achievement, she has within 38 years brought good roads, modern farming methods, a 20-bed hospital and a dental clinic to Avery County. Dr. Mary is a practicing physician, as are husband, son and daughter. With her own flashing eyes and flaming words she drove moonshiners out of the hills—a woman after our own heart!—and shamed the mountaineers into sending their children to school.

The American Mothers Committee of the Golden Rule Foundation named

Dr. Mary Sloop American Mother of the Year. It does us all good to know about Dr. Mary. Never again will anyone "underestimate the power of a woman!"

TAXES: Up they go to meet the load of a budget that includes \$60% billion for the military alone. Mr. Truman asked for 10 billions in new taxes, but the House Ways and Means Committee (all tax bills originate in the House) wasn't to be steamrollered. If Secretary of the Treasury Snyder gets 6 or 7 billions, he's a lucky man. Income taxes are to rise, that's for sure—and the blow will likely descend September 1. Taxes on alcoholic beverages and cigarettes will go up, if that means anything to you, and so will the tax on gasoline. The only tax now slated to come down is a cut on telegrams from 25 to 20%.

Most incredible suggestion of all is the one that would slap a 10% levy on gambling gross receipts. The Kefauver investigation made it plain as plain could be what gambling does—even with stray dimes and quarters. Ways

and Means may on second thought turn thumbs down on its 10% brain-storm. Passed along, the House or Senate could knock it out—and surely will! But that such a tax could even be seriously suggested, and only three months after the country was sitting with bulging eyes in front of its television receivers, is staggering!

Rep. Daniel A. Reed made the only sensible proposal. He wanted to tax at 100% the income of racketeers and gamblers. Why not?

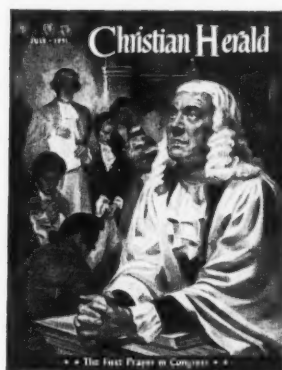
EXAMPLE: Defense Mobilizer Wilson says we're coming along all right in the production department, but we're not doing so well in our efforts to control inflation. The cheaper the dollar, the more money a tank or plane will cost and the fewer we'll get. But inflation isn't all *our* fault, Mr. Wilson. Government is one of the biggest offenders. The bigger government becomes, the more it costs and the more taxes have to be scooped up to pay for it. Talk about a wage spiral! There you have a bureau spiral—even apart from defense where we can see a substantial increase is justifiable.

Take the Interior Department. In 1940, it managed on \$71.4 million. In 1950 it had to have \$568.5 million—eight times as much. The Department of Labor in 1940 did its job on \$18.5 million. Ten years later it was scraping along on \$257 million—14 times as much. In 1940 State used up \$21 million, but in 1950 it was 17 times as much—\$361 million. The Department of Commerce shot from \$75 million to \$863 million. So it goes.

We think inflation control, like the loyalty we were talking about a while back, has to be worn on both feet.

BRETHREN: We spent a heartwarming hour last evening, reading a little booklet called "Preparation for Tomorrow." Makes you realize all over again the unsuspected privileges of living in an unbombed town where the grass is green and children laugh. It's the story of a German boy's visit to America. Almost 600 German youth have come here to live for a year in private homes, generally farms, to learn how we do things and look at things. The State Department has published this booklet to tell that story, which in itself makes happy reading.

But the biggest lift stems from the disclosure that all the students who came the first year, and the majority of those who came during the second year of the program, were sponsored by the Church of the Brethren. The Brethren aren't large, as denominations go. But time and again they have proved themselves to be just what they call themselves—Brethren. These good people have done something big for



OUR COVER this month depicts the first prayer in Congress, on Tuesday, September 6, 1774. It was delivered by the Reverend Jacob Duché, rector of Christ Church, Philadelphia, on the third morning of the first session of the Continental Congress, meeting in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia. A resolution to this effect had been passed the second day. Those mainly responsible for the plan were Samuel Adams and Thomas Cushing. And to this day, Congress still asks for God's guidance at the opening of every sitting of both the House and Senate. Mitchell Hooks painted the inspiring scene.

America. One of the German boys wrote as he went back to his homeland, "Now we must do our part in building out of ruins the shining walls of a new great republic." Those shining walls and that new republic will owe much to the quiet, wonderful faith of a handful of American Christians.

Read the story for yourself. It's Department of State Publication 4138, 25 cents from Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C.

BEEF: Mr. DiSalle's future hinges on what goes on in your corner butcher shop. If somebody guessed wrong, beef will be scarce and Mr. DiSalle will be asked to make himself likewise. If controls work the way the stabilizers hope, prices will be lower and there will still be enough meat to go around. But cattlemen are predicting ominously that lower prices will mean less meat—there will be less incentive to raise it. Less meat means a black market and eventual rationing. Mark this down: one control calls for controls all along the line. It's like a Mississippi levee. A mile-long watertight barricade means little if the water can pour in where the sand bags stop.

COURIER'S CUES: New church buildings using 25 tons or more of steel must have permit from National Production Authority. . . . Late this year total U.S. highway death toll since 1900 will reach one million (killed in all U. S. wars, about 862,000). . . . Feed grain use for distilled spirits will be cut. . . . Hoover Report Committee says 36% of all government employees quit their jobs every year. . . . Watch for Chiang Kai-shek to get his chance at invasion this year, if stalemate continues. . . . Congress will pressure Mr. Acheson by way of the purse strings; even Democrats are tired of apologizing. . . . Department of Labor survey in 34 cities shows 33.3% of consumer outlay going for food, 3.7% for fuel and light, 5.7% for house furnishings, 4.0% for alcoholic beverages and tobacco. . . . For first time in history the U.S. has replaced Britain as world's largest importer. . . . Eric Johnston says prices will start easing up again this month or next. . . . Twentieth Century-Fox Films reports earnings for first three months of this year down 50% from same period last year. . . . Mortgage money is scarce, means higher interest rates. . . . Steel for civilian use cut again July 1: less automobiles and refrigerators.

• ABROAD •

U.N.: The embargo on war goods to China makes sense. Should have been done long ago. But something even



RISE: George Bolton's first rescue mission title 24 years ago was janitor. In May, the annual convention of International Union of Gospel Missions elected him president. Rev. Mr. Bolton is pastor of Christian Herald's famous Bowery Mission in New York City.

more important in the long run is coming out of the bestirring U.N. Trygve Lie's Economic and Social Council has completed a survey and is asking for \$19 billion a year to put backward nations of the world on their feet. It's another outstretched hand. Yes, the biggest share will have to come from Uncle Sam's pocket—perhaps \$10-12 billion—and dear old Uncle has no pocket but yours. But if it will do the job, and some of the best economists in the world say that it will, *there is* democracy's finest answer to Communism. A dollar spent for a gun is a dollar that fights a *Communist*. But a dollar spent to relieve the suffering of the world's needy is a dollar that fights *Communism*. There is a difference.

Those who do not see the difference may be able to see another distinction. \$12 billion a year spent to keep the world alive is considerably cheaper than the \$50-60 billion we will be putting aside yearly to destroy it if need be.

BACKYARD WAR? There are two more angles on the English and their erstwhile partners in Iran. The first is that it all goes to show how quickly a spark can leap into a flame anywhere in this touchy world. It will do us little good to talk about defending the Formosa-Japan axis, or to build up our Atlantic Pact allies, if in doing so we forget the rest of the world. Somebody may drop the match in the wrong place. "Lines" are futile. Draw a line and you have to leave something out.

Then there's something else. For 10, these many months—since June a year ago, in fact—our British friends have been telling us to take it easy in Korea. They were so upset when General MacArthur suggested we shoot back when shot at, that they, if they pulled no strings to get him relieved, at least shed no tears when it happened. (Truman says MacArthur was fired because he tried to make peace!) *Finally*, after Mr. Churchill pointed out that Attlee, Bevan and Company were fast building up a beautiful case of anti-British sentiment in America, the Labor government reluctantly agreed to a war goods embargo.

But look at Iran, Premier Mosaddegh refused to be awed by the British lion and England wrathily, publicly and immediately alerted a paratroop brigade! Unlimited full-scale war can start in Iran just as easily as it can start in Korea. Wouldn't you say so, Mr. Attlee?

LIFTED EYEBROWS: Something has happened in Germany that may do more to change the world than the coming and going of Adolf ever did. The plan which passed the Bundestag with no blare of trumpets is the most revolutionary advance ever made by organized labor in a capitalist country. Walter Reuther would give his eye teeth to have it here, and it may be on its way. Western German coal and steel unions call their new triumph *Mitbestimmung*. Labor receives equal participation with management. A company will have an eleven-man board of directors—5 union, 5 management, and 1 elected by both groups together (or by stockholders, if these disagree). *Mitbestimmung* is at this stage a yowling infant. It's too early to tell how it's going to work out in West Germany. Labor leaders there are for it; management is ag'in it—as might be expected. But if it works, if strikes are cut down (and why should a worker strike against "himself"?), if output increases, co-management will spread all over Germany. And it won't end in Germany. As sure as John L. Lewis has bushy eyebrows, organized labor in the U. S. will be learning how to say "*Mitbestimmung*."

HO-HUM: Eleven weeks ago at this writing, deputies of the foreign ministers of the United States, Russia, France and Britain met at Paris. It didn't look like a backbreaking job. The deputies weren't there to discuss anything. All they were to do was write down a list of items their higher-ups would later on talk about. And for eleven weeks they've been working on that grocery list! It doesn't look to us as if anything cataclysmic will come now or in the foreseeable future, from

talking with Russia. But it's one way to pass the time. C. E. Wilson and General Eisenhower and some others are just as happy to see the time pass.

CARE: Dr. Young Tai Pyun, Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Republic of Korea, came to the U.S. so unexpectedly he upset the protocol cart. His business was urgent. He didn't come to beg. No one has to beg for help from the American people—from Congress maybe, but not from the people. Dr. Pyun came simply to tell us facts. And they were tragic. Only a thirtieth of his country has not been at some time in the last year in enemy hands. Almost all buildings and installations are wiped out. CARE can get your personal help to Korea. Special packages include cotton textiles and a woolen blanket at \$7; underwear, wool suiting, food, \$10; knitting wool, \$13. Nothing fancy. As basic as human needs can get, for Korea is that kind of shattered country. CARE's address is 20 Broad Street, New York 5.

No, Dr. Pyun, you don't have to beg!

● CHURCH NEWS ●

50 YEARS: Two weeks isn't long. But if the Communists could have 5 million American children for two weeks, they'd jump at the chance. Not the Communists, but our American Protestant churches—62,000 of them—will have the ears and eyes of 5 million boys and girls this month and next. Our grand opportunity goes by the name of Vacation Church School, a movement this year celebrating its 50th anniversary. In 1900 a Congregational minister at Elk Mound, Wisconsin, started the idea, or perhaps it was a Baptist preacher in New York two years before who should get the credit. But by 1901, with the help of a handful of students of Union Theological Seminary (Harry Emerson Fosdick was one of them), vacation church schools enrolled a thousand children.

We like to talk about opportunities we *don't* have—religious courses in the schools, for example. Here's a chance we *do* have.

HAVEN: We're still rubbing our eyes! Overlooking Penobscot Bay at Castine, Maine, is a big, restful-looking house. Along the front is a wide veranda—what a spot to breathe in healing breezes and see the glory of ocean and sky! The perfect place for an overtired pastor recuperating from illness or just plain worn out from too much work. And that is precisely what it is. Alice M. North, M.D., has turned her summer home into a year-round haven for clergymen. She has one complaint: not yet have the five guest rooms been all

filled. We told her we'd be glad to help remedy *that*—in fact, we're likely to feel wobbly ourselves any minute!

Dr. North is not running an old people's home, she warns. "I want to do a constructive work, making it possible for those clergy who are temporarily in need of rest to return to their work again." Everything's free. The only expense is transportation to and from Bangor where Dr. North meets her guests. And there's no catch. It's the way one Episcopal lady has—a pretty wonderful lady, we think—of going about doing good. Preachers only, no families. No incurably ill; convalescent cases accepted if the patient can get around. If you're interested, write to Dr. Alice M. North at "The North Star," Castine, Maine.

Would you believe it!

EVANGELISM: Dr. Jesse Bader's Department of the National Council of Churches is making news again. Sunday, October 7, is the kickoff date of a new 15-month evangelistic campaign. We like the major targets. The nation's armed forces are one. That would be something to see—a revival at an army base! There must be thousands of young fellows in service who would step out for Christ if they had company. Dr. Bader's campaign will see to it that they get company. Another target will be the one million migrant farm laborers to whom we're all more indebted than we know. Until now, we've done a good job of forgetting them. High school, college and university students—and faculty members

—are also figuring prominently in the plans. And one other special group—*inmates of penal institutions.* Talk about "mass evangelism!" Dr. Bader's last campaign—the United Evangelistic Advance—resulted in 40,000 additions.

FOLLOW-UP: We can't talk about evangelism without thinking of Billy Graham. He took Shreveport by storm, with the largest crowd climbing to 28,000 in State Fair Stadium where never before had more than 18,000 assembled. Total Shreveport attendance was a quarter of a million. Decisions, 5,446. Impressive statistics, all the way through, and in that respect, no different from any other meeting of Dr. Billy's. But there was something *new* at Shreveport—something that will go a long way toward batting down the accusing finger some people point at mass evangelism. Dawson Trotman and members of his Navigators organization (See "Onward Christian Sailors" in *CHRISTIAN HERALD* for February, 1951) gave a special course to Shreveport church officers, church ladies, and pastors in *following-up* new Christians. Dr. Billy found the response so effective that this is to be a regular part of his future meetings.

It looks as if from here on, losses by the wayside will be in large part the failures of churches themselves. Any criticism on the follow-up score will have to be self-criticism.

CAUSES: This reporter knows something of the devastation of cerebral



GRATITUDE: Mrs. Syngman Rhee, wife of the Korean president, reads a letter of thanks to American church groups for 500 tons of clothing. Part of the shipment is shown above surrounded by war orphans who received first relief package.



palsy. We've been deeply moved by the angelic love of mothers and fathers whose spirits are mellowed by the care they bestow on afflicted children. But we were a bit surprised to learn that we've had a Cerebral Palsy Sabbath, no less, and that preachers were invited to preach sermons on the subject. Worthy as it is, the cerebral palsy cause probably does not surpass in value any of several other national fund-raising campaigns. And is there also to be a Red Cross Sunday, a Tuberculosis Sabbath, and one apiece for polio, cancer, heart and all the rest?

Isn't the preacher's business still the Gospel? And isn't that a pretty good-sized assignment by itself?

HYMNWRITERS: On September 30, 1952, the complete Revised Standard Version of the Bible is to be published after fifteen years of work. An auspicious occasion—and in cooperation with the National Council of Churches, the Hymn Society of America is looking for a new hymn to help celebrate it. The hymn or hymns selected will be used in 3000 community gatherings across the nation—a healthier inauguration than most receive! The hymn text, written to a well-known meter found in a standard hymnal, should “express the spiritual significance of the Bible and its contribution to the life of the individual and of society.” Poets—and their name surely is Legion!—won't let

this big one get away, we're thinking. Manuscripts should go to Phillip S. Watters, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, not later than October 1, 1951.

FOREVER: Some of you may remember him, though he wasn't a great man as Dr. Gallup would measure greatness. But ask the children who have gone out from CHRISTIAN HERALD's Industrial Mission at Foochow, China, and they would say, “We will never forget him.” He sat in our office last year and told us of the children as he remembered them. He spoke of the big trees that grew in the mission compound and of the canal under Fairy Bridge, and his eyes were bright with remembered visions. His life went into China. He was a friend of children, a craftsman who taught them how to build cabinets and lives. And now Henry H. Talbot has gone to dwell in the house of his Lord, forever.

IN BRIEF: A pastor in Richmond, Virginia, conducted a doctrinal survey in his church, found 30% felt that to be a Christian it is not necessary to believe that Jesus is God; a third said that other religions are as good as ours. How about an evangelistic mission to churches, Dr. Bader? . . . Washington, D.C.'s church membership increase in last 25 years equals only 38% of national average. . . . Encouraging sequel

to stonings at Shawinigan Falls, Quebec: the Christian Brethren congregation has purchased site for new building with apparent blessing of townspeople who wrecked their chapel a year ago. . . . Religious leaders from each of three faiths (Edward Hughes Pruden is the Protestant) will at last counsel “Voice of America” on religious content. . . . American Bible Society has 783,000 Russian Bibles and portions ready for shipment when the chance comes. . . . Since 1936, Evangelical Sunday school enrollment in South America has increased 145%; in Central America and Mexico, 267%. . . . Rep. James P. Richards, prominent Presbyterian layman, is new chairman of House Foreign Affairs Committee; new governor of Hawaii is Oren E. Long, elder of Honolulu's First Christian Church and graduate of Johnson Bible College in Tennessee.

• TEMPERANCE •

KUKLA: Whether “Kukla, Fran and Ollie” is an adults' or children's program is a question that might get you an argument. But this much is sure: it has thousands of child listeners and is within the children's time-band of TV. They love it, even though some of the goings-on are over their heads. At our house they squeal at Ollie the cocky dragon, who is quite likable, even from a grown-up standpoint. All the characters are the creation of versatile Burr Tillstrom with the assistance of Fran Allison. This for background and to convince die-hards that what occasionally follows this program, on WNBT, New York, is a premeditated, despicable business. Doesn't happen every night—we've caught it twice. The small fry were just turning away after the last fillip of the theme song, when a spot commercial flung into the living room some gay young thing singing, “My beer is Rheingold—the dry beer!”

Beer commercials on a beer-sponsored program are bad enough, and we'll vote against them every time. But beer commercials sneaked in to catch an unsuspecting audience—a juvenile audience at that!—is inexcusable. A marked copy of this goes to Beulah Zachary, producer of “Kukla, Fran and Ollie” (we don't think they'd be happy about it either), and to WNBT. When it happens on your radio or TV set, cut off a slice of your own indignation and send it postpaid to (1) fore and aft programs and (2) offending station or network.

SILENCE: We've had an interesting letter from a lady in Allenwood, Pa., which leads us to believe that youth is farther from the dogs than some hasty jumpers at conclusions believe.

Her 16-year-old son LeRoy picked up a copy of *United States News and World Report*, and leafing through it, came upon one of the ads of U.S. Brewers Foundation. This one was in the form of a question and answer. "Q.: What is the role of beer in time of national emergency? A.: The War Labor Board in 1945 held that beer is essential to public morale." LeRoy was insulted. "Somebody ought to write in to this magazine," he told his mother. "Why don't you write?" she asked—and he did. It was a good letter, too. He wound it up with a searching question: "Do you really feel that you as an American are aiding our country when you allow advertisements such as this to be printed?"

LeRoy was a little surprised that he had no answer to his letter. But what could an editor say?

HOODLUMS: Don't look at us. We didn't say it. An insurance man from North Carolina sent us the quote, taken not from *The Union Signal* (for which we have the utmost respect but which might conceivably be accused of some small amount of bias), but from the May 12 issue of *Business Week*. Here is the statement: "Liquor Industry. The topnotch companies, such as Schenley and Seagram, grant exclusive area franchises to the country's top-notch hoodlums. They say it is the government's business to determine whether an individual should be in jail."

Not so strange at that. How many gambling joints or crime combines have you heard of that *didn't* have some tie-up with liquor? There may be a few teetotaler racketeers, but our guess is that they're freaks.

AD: Every once in a while we like to take a careful look at a whisky ad—really think about what it says. That's bad, from the standpoint of the advertiser, because he's counting on the reader's flash reaction. What he says won't stand up under close scrutiny.

Take the newspaper ad showing a couple of Scotty dogs floating on a rubber raft in somebody's swimming pool. The catch line blares, "*What a Safe Feeling.*" Brother, is that one ever spurious! "Safe!" Alcohol—is it safe? Ask the gentleman hit by the drunken driver. Ask the unfortunate people on the receiving end—if they can still talk—of any one of a dozen crimes reported in today's paper, crimes in which alcohol figured.

We reckon it's not such a safe feeling at that—at least not for the unlucky people who have to put up with the man with the bottle. Not even a pill manufacturer could get away with a statement so misleading in *his* advertising.

JULY 1951

Dear Ruth,

In answer to your letter - no, I am not a financial genius! Don't know much about finance as a matter of fact—but, you know, I do have some mid-year dividends from the stocks that John left me and those bonds of Dad's. I didn't know what to do about them until I found out about PRESBYTERIAN ANNUITIES.

They are wonderful for two reasons-- first, because they give me absolute security and peace of mind, and second because of the knowledge that they are one investment that will reach far past my own future into the futures of many others who are working for the fulfillment of Christ's Kingdom. That's why I have dispensed with all reinvestment problems and worries and put my money into something which gives me a guaranteed income for life--and a share in missions.

Why don't you inquire about Presbyterian Annuities too, Ruth?

With love, From your
"financial adviser,"

Marguerite

YES! PRESBYTERIAN ANNUITIES

are a sound, practical investment for your mid-year dividends, all bonds which become due, or a "bonus."

Fixed Income for Life Through Wars and Depressions.

A Share in the Work of Presbyterian Foreign Missions, National Missions, and Christian Education.

Help for Others for Many Years to Come.

No Re-Investment Problems—No Estate or Inheritance Tax.

Continuous Payments for Over 70 Years by the Presbyterian Boards.

Why not write us today? Just fill out the enclosed coupon.

PRESBYTERIAN ANNUITIES 156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

I am interested in Presbyterian Annuities. Please tell me what percent income I would receive, my birthday being _____ month _____ day _____.

At present, I am most interested in _____

☐ Missions in America ☐ Missions Abroad ☐ Ed. of Christian Ed.

Please send me free booklet explaining all details.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

When writing to advertisers please mention CHRISTIAN HERALD

JUN 30 1951 CH 7-51

Editorially Speaking...

● CHARLES P. TAFT AND RELIGION IN OUR SCHOOLS

IT IS widely reported that the Honorable Charles P. Taft, younger brother of our United States Senator, Robert A. Taft, is to be an active candidate for the Republican nomination for governor of Ohio next year.

Mr. Taft has been, for years, a distinguished civic leader in Cincinnati. He has established himself as above both partisanship and mere party regularity. In a recent speech delivered in Warren, Ohio, he said: "It has been disturbing to find religion excluded from the tax-supported institutions, while anti-religion is welcomed in the guise of science, sociology, or philosophy." He praised the Educational Policies Commission of the National Education Association. Recently this Commission issued a brochure which concluded that the omission from the classroom of all references to religion and its institutions is a serious, and could become a fatal neglect.

I have long hoped that Charles P. Taft, the first and only lay president of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, would broaden his field of public service. If he is, or if he becomes, a candidate for the governorship of Ohio, he has already written a forthright, dynamic, timely and convincing plank for his platform.

● THANK YOU TO FREEDOM

A FORMER Marine—named Ray Marine—who lost his eyes on Iwo, stood recently with his fiancée at the entrance of his new \$23,000 home. His "seeing eye" dog was present, too. They were all enjoying, with glad hearts, the gift of their friends.

The young man choked up as he said: "We have right here in our hands, and we shall keep it in our hearts, what could never be possessed in a Communist nation. You ask me what we are fighting for. Well, right here it is," and he held up the deed and the keys.

Surrounded by town authorities, representatives of all the social groups of the community, church, labor and industry, the young Marine tried to express his gratitude, but that was quite impossible. Nor did he need to try. His fellow townsmen were swept into the sea of emotion that engulfed him. This, too, is America.

● PENTECOST IN THE HILLS

CHRISTIAN HERALD had the opportunity of entertaining Lillian R. Dickson, wife of Dr. James Dickson and his radiant helpmate and comrade. She came to us from Formosa—came with the burning message of the new church rising among the mountain villages of the high ranges on the east coast of that fabulous island. She told a story that gripped our hearts and dimmed our eyes with tears.

Now she has returned and writes to tell us of the expanding mission, the growing triumph of the spirit. She tells us that our CHRISTIAN HERALD orphanage, opened in Tai Chung, 150 miles south of Taipeh, the capital, is flourishing. She calls it "the happiest place on the island" and adds, "How fortunate that little children and birds know nothing about dark rumors of war."

Our associate editor, Kenneth Wilson, gave in the April issue of CHRISTIAN HERALD the amazing and almost unbelievable history of Christianity's return to the mountains of Formosa. Then there were 15,000 converts, fifty churches erected without a single dollar of assistance from the outside world—and all of this within three years.

Now Lillian Dickson takes over. "I went with 'Everlasting Life' [her accordion] to the mountains this weekend. I visited three mountain churches. At night I slept on the floor in aboriginal homes and today I have 150 flea bites! But it is just sheer happiness to fellowship with our new brothers and sisters in Christ. The 'Pentecost in the Hills' continues, for now we have sixty-three churches in the mountains of the north. In the south there are four and we must do something about that."

Indeed, "Pentecost in the Hills" is well named, nor do I know of any achievement anywhere in the world since Peter preached in Jerusalem that approaches the spiritual proportions of this Formosa turning to Christ.

● HENRY H. TALBOT

IN WAR and in peace and by every test, Henry H. Talbot was the ever-faithful and unfailing "little man" at Foo Chow. I remember him as he moved like a gentle father among the boys and girls of our CHRISTIAN HERALD orphanage and industrial school. I remember him when he came to our offices in New York, happy to be in America but unmistakably not at home. A faraway look was in his dimming eyes as though, beyond Manhattan's skyline, they came to rest upon a distant place among the hills of Tang.

He was an ageless man whose years were counted not as one may tear sheets from a calendar, for little children kept him young. His back was bent from the bags of rice he carried to the Buddhist monastery which was their refuge in the Fukien Mountains when the enemy came in 1942. But his soul was straight and his heart was big and strong.

Now, as quietly as he came to us, he has traveled on ahead. I am sure there was a children's chorus singing at the river when Henry Talbot crossed over.

Daniel A. Poling
EDITOR OF CHRISTIAN HERALD



The author, right, and Paul Muni in a scene from the film "Counterattack."

★ ★

The terror-ridden account of how a German escaped from tyranny under the swastika to the U. S. It will bring into vivid focus the true and glorious meaning of July Fourth

★ ★

Flight into Freedom

By HARRO MELLER

EDITOR'S NOTE: What is it like to dwell in a land ridden with tyranny, where basic human liberties are degraded and fear rides every heart? Americans, happily, do not know—and may God grant that they never will!

But Harro Meller knows. As a native son of Germany, he saw his homeland swept by the Hitler tides. He underwent all the tortures meted out to those who resist the dictators, who fight with all their liberty-loving souls the evil intents of the destroyers of personal dignity and individual freedom. This is the story of his harrowing experiences. But more, it is the story of what Meller, an able young writer and actor, discovered in this free land. It is told here with an objectivity and an appreciation perhaps impossible to those of us who too lightly take our freedoms for granted.

Now that those freedoms are once again in jeopardy, Mr. Meller's experiences in the Land of the Free, told against the cruel background out of which he escaped, have an especial timeliness—and a warning. . . .

ON A sunny August morning—two years before the war broke out in Europe—the liner *Bremen* slowly approached New York harbor. I was among its passengers, anxious to reach the shore of the country where freedom is lived by millions and is

not merely a word in a dictionary.

The morning was beautiful and promise lay in the air. I did not mind starting life all over again. There was much I wanted to forget. Coming from a country with a dictatorial regime and with concentration camp experiences behind me—which loomed sinister in the back of my mind and appeared in my dreams to torture me—my heart was racing with new hope as the skyscrapers came into view. America! Here it lay before me! The country where millions had started life anew.

How sinister had been the happenings in Germany! That I had become an outcast in my own country, a prisoner of my own race, was difficult to combine with logic and reason. I, who was not Jewish, who wanted to live his life untouched by politics, who loved Germany from the bottom of his heart, who read his Goethe not merely dutifully but with the enthusiasm of a hungry intellect, and who was born and raised in the midst of the Black Forest.

Because I had lived in Berlin with a Jewish family and because of my utter lack of interest in the new political

movement in Germany (which caused me to neglect to join the party)—thanks to these circumstances, my life had become a nightmare.

One summer evening in 1936 I was walking home through one of the side streets of the Kurfurstendamm. It was still early. Ten perhaps. But I did not reach home that night. Behind one of the trees close to the sidewalk loomed the figure of a man, stocky of build, inconspicuously dressed. On the very instant I passed him, I sensed his mission. He jumped at me, grasped my arm as if I were a long-wanted criminal, and to my frightened inquiry as to what he wanted of me, merely said: "Shut up or I'll knock your brains out." Then he proceeded to push me along the street.

At the police station I was ordered to wait in a side room. Puzzled, wondering, I waited for someone to come and tell me what it was all about, that it was all a mistake and I could go home.

A half hour later I was shoved into a police wagon which contained a tiny closet just big enough to hold a single person. I was locked in. Then the ve-

J. C. Penney

LINES OF A LAYMAN

THE WAY TO GREATNESS

WHY DO the American people produce more than any people in any other nation of the world? Does the American work harder? *He doesn't work as hard.* Does the American work longer hours? *He doesn't work as long.* Does the American laboring man work for less? *The American laboring man gets far more.*

How is it then that the individual American produces more than the individual Italian or Frenchman or Englishman or Russian? The answer of course is that the American's money is invested in mechanical aids one thousand times stronger and in some cases a hundred thousand times faster than his own arm, or eye, or brain.

One of the problems of England today lies in the fact that the present British Government is living beyond its income. But there is another problem just as deep and just as vital, in the British economy. An American worker in pig iron accomplishes *four times* as much for every man-hour he puts in as does his British counterpart. The American worker making automobile tires accomplishes three times as much per man-hour as does his British counterpart. Compare the American worker with his British cousin, industry for industry, and *the American worker accomplishes three times as much as the Britisher for every hour put in.*

The reasons for this go back a bit: In 1929 Britain was turning back, percentage-wise of her national income, for the modernization and maintenance of her industrial plant, only two-thirds of what she had been turning back twenty years before. In 1929 American industry was plowing back for the same purpose, 50 percent more than it had been turning back twenty years before.

I bring these facts to your attention because at this time over large areas of America today I detect an increasingly accepted belief that somehow a nation can *legislate* its way into national greatness and national prosperity. Increasingly men accept the belief that a government *can* and *should* guarantee its citizens economic security and prosperity. France traveled this road after World War I. England is trying it today. It has carried countless nations to the edge of the abyss—and over. Today we in our wealth are supporting them in their bankruptcy while we are tempted to pursue the same dangerous course. What is the answer?

(Harper & Bros. recently published Mr. Penney's "Fifty Years With the Golden Rule.")

hicle started moving. Where to? I did not know. In the darkness I touched the four walls about me. The nightmare had started. I was a prisoner of the Secret State Police.

At midnight I stood in the line-up with other victims. At the time I did not know I was in Gestapo headquarters in the Wilhelmstrasse. Suddenly one of several booted men stopped close behind me and struck me a powerful blow in the face. I fell against the wall.

An hour later we were transported through the streets of Berlin. We could not speak. In the semi-darkness of the wagon every face looked greenish and terrified. Where were they taking us? What was in store? Had the dark ages returned? Yes, I knew that civilization had been crumbling for three years,

that freedom of speech was gagged, the libraries combed by censors for authors with liberal tendencies. Literary masterpieces had been burned. I had been in Unter den Linden when that infamous spectacle took place, not to cheer with the many hysterical half-grown girls and boys, merely to watch.

What was happening in my country? Strange that such things could happen in Germany, which had been one of the most liberal countries in the world. What had brought about this change?

THE government spies must have found the key to my mind to arrest me so suddenly, must have read my secret admiration for Thomas Mann, the so-called "traitor" of his country. But were not the traitors those who had gained control? Who mistreated



Germans for their silent resistance toward intolerant views?

Where are you going, my country? I thought.

We felt the police wagon take an abrupt turn, and from the shouting we knew we had arrived. An instant later we found ourselves in a tremendous courtyard surrounded by high brick walls. Many military officials looked us over. We were ordered to line up and undress to the waist. In the hours that followed, one after another was called into the interior of the building for a physical examination. About three o'clock in the morning it became extremely cold, unseasonably so, and we were chilled and shivering.

Near the prison wall stood an old tree. I remember how my eyes glanced at it again and again. My soul desperately sought to cling to something more permanent and decisive than human affairs. The green leaves on those powerful branches seemed the only realities worth thinking about.

For twelve days and nights I was an occupant of the notorious Columbia House on the outskirts of Berlin. Lying upon my berth in daytime was not permitted. My cell-mate was on kitchen duty during the day, and we had only the nights to whisper to each other. His name was Egon. Though he was a street-cleaner by profession, his mind was receptive to beauty.

FOR Egon's imprisonment, definite reasons were established. When I told him my story, he was certain that I would be released in a few days. "You haven't anything to worry about. Any day now they'll let you out."

But with each dawn that broke over Berlin, Egon was called up for his kitchen duties. For 17 hours a day I was alone in my cell, sitting on a wooden chair which had no back, staring in front of me, or pacing the floor for hours—four steps toward the window, turn, four steps toward the door, turn, I had no reading matter. It was the intention of the military prison authorities to keep us thinking, thinking. We were being given a chance to concentrate fully on our fears. I could not write or notify anyone of my whereabouts. I began to cease to be an individual. Today whenever I see animals at the zoo, taking their dreadful, melancholy walks—three steps to the right, turn, three steps to the left, turn—all the misery of those days again rises within me.

On the twelfth night Egon informed me that a prisoner transport to the concentration camp Lichtenburg in Torgau was scheduled for the following day. "But you have nothing to worry about. You won't be among

(Continued on page 50)



Way to a Woman's Heart

By

ELLA MAE CHARLTON

ILLUSTRATOR: ISABEL DAWSON

MARION could not decide whether it was the wistfulness in Nola Howard's eyes, or the feeling of ineffectualness in her own life since she gave up teaching, that made her know she had to do something to help the people across the creek. The "flatbushers," as Mack called them.

She had been putting away the last of the breakfast dishes when the light timid knock came at the back door. The young woman who stood there was about her own age and her blue eyes were frightened as she spoke. "I'm sorry to bother you, Mrs. Kennedy, but my little boy has stuck a nail in his foot, a rusty one, too, and it don't look so good to me. I want to know if you have something I can doctor it with?"

"Come on in," Marion held the door open. "I'm sure I have what we'll need."

"I'm Nola Howard, Epp's wife. We live in the first house across the creek."

Marion went to the medicine cabinet and filled the first-aid kit.

"I'm much obliged to you," Nola said as Marion came back to where she was waiting. "I'll take good care of what I don't use and bring it back to you."

"But I'm going with you," Marion said. "It's possible that he should be taken to the doctor for a tetanus shot."

"Oh, no, don't say that!" Nola's eyes became more frightened. "Ma don't believe in having a doctor unless somebody is bad off. Epp and Ma Howard didn't want me to come over here. Ma gets upset if folks want to do things different from the way she does."

Marion's brown eyes were thoughtful. "You'd like for me to go with you, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I really would, but—"

"Is he your child or hers?"

"He's mine, but she's his grandma."

"All right then, I'm going," and Marion went down the pathway with Nola.

MARION'S eyes surveyed the front room of the small unpainted house as she and Nola went inside. The rough splintery floor had no covering. There was very little furniture, but near the door were two large buckets of beautiful tomatoes. She remembered what Mack had said about the soil on this side of the creek growing vegetables and fruit but little else.

"What wonderful tomatoes for (Continued on page 54)



Shepherdess

On a prosaic little Ohio farm, a serenely determined lady is accomplishing miracles in the rehabilitation of alcoholics. Her therapy: faith, good food, farm work. . .

By

GERTRUDE M. POMEROY

PHOTOS BY HENRY M. BARR, BEREAS, O.

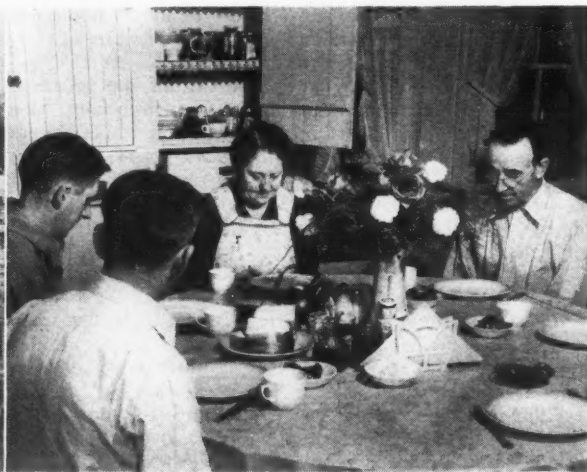
MRS. Levada Schramm's 26-acre farm in Strongsville, Ohio, is an unlikely setting for near-miracles. At first sight you'd never guess that it is one of the most significant farms in the state. The aging white house is commonplace. There are chickens and pigs in the barnyard, and a cow lying in the shade of a big tree, placidly chewing her cud. But wait! Now there's a man hanging several long, blue terry bathrobes on the clothesline, another comes out of the henhouse with a basket of eggs, a third is sweeping the front porch, while still others hoe the garden and repair a fence.

What goes on here? If you could see one of these fellows when he arrives, sick in body and spirit, and then again when he leaves, his face and bearing alive with self-respect and purpose—then you know that this is a recovery center for alcoholics; a port in the storm for unfortunates.

The story of how, on this homely farm, damaged human material is transformed into sober, worthwhile people is the story of a woman with a big, understanding heart, and an unforgettable personality—Mrs. Levada Schramm.

Mrs. Schramm's brown eyes are sparked with kindness and humor, and in their depths is a serenity that bespeaks power. They are keen eyes that quickly size up a person. Although she is middle-aged and comfortably motherly, there is only a hint of gray in her softly waving brown hair. The natural setting for her would be a tea table in a stately drawing room. But here she is—a dirt farmer in Ohio, who, with her husband, welcomes drunks to her home and largely takes care of these pitiful fellows herself.

In this rugged and taxing job, Mrs. Schramm finds deep satisfaction and joy in being able to shift the balance in many lives from misery to happiness. Such heart-warming



Who Bleaches Black Sheep

achievement—not financial gain—is her reward, for fully one-third are charity cases. She never turns away a despairing soul who needs her help, provided his sincerity of purpose is affirmed by his physician or by an Alcoholics Anonymous member. Assured on that point, she opens her door to even the most seemingly-hopeless human flotsam.

What is the secret of her large-scale success, when over the centuries broken-hearted defeat has been the lot of most of the millions of women who have tried valiantly to reform some alcoholic in their lives? Well, for one thing, Mrs. Schramm is a combination of your own mother, an army drill sergeant, a lady evangelist and radio's Mr. Anthony—all done up in an attractive package. She has a shining faith in God and man that is big enough to carry along floundering and spiritually weakened patients, and that is strong enough to be contagious.

Childless herself, her mothering instinct goes out to these deluded "boys" who have strayed into the cruel trap of alcoholism. Her belief in them brings out their best; they feel they can't let her down. She may see good in them that others deny—good that is still only a possibility, but which, nurtured by her confidence, often becomes reality. However, there is nothing flabby about her compassion. She is equally quick to detect a slacker—and her time is only for those who want a better life badly enough to struggle for its attainment.

LEVADA Schramm's interest in every case is so genuine that her boys open their hearts and minds to her sympathetic understanding, spilling out all their problems. No matter how busy she may be she listens attentively. She has the insight and ability to give sound advice. As one of the men said, "How a lifelong teetotaler like Mrs. Schramm can penetrate our peculiar mental hell beats me. She's the only non-alcoholic I've ever heard of who *does* know." And her wide know-what-and-how covers farming, nursing, cooking, and the special brand of diplomacy required to get

along with men who are spiked with raw nerve endings.

It all came about by chance. Twelve years ago a guest in her home was having drink-trouble and wanted to attend an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting some distance away. Mrs. Schramm said he might take her car, but she decided to go along as watchdog for the Ford. To her surprise, she was intensely interested in the meeting, and moved by the testimony. She began to realize the tremendous significance of the plan, and the average person's complete lack of understanding of an alcoholic's problems. Her ready sympathy was roused by the plight of a young fellow exiled from his home through drink. He was determined to lick alcohol's grip, but there seemed no place for him to stay while making his uphill fight. Impulsively she said, "Come back to the farm with us. Maybe a new environment and outdoor work will help."

Those words proved prophetic, and farm work has become an important part of the Schramm therapy.

Her system of treatment is based on Alcoholics Anonymous principles: reliance on a Higher Power, coupled with practice of the brotherhood of man. Mutual helpfulness is the pervading atmosphere of the Schramm home. The men who are farther along toward normalcy take charge of the new patients. They strip the sodden wrecks, bathe them, put them to bed, and help Mrs. Schramm with the nursing. Most of the newcomers are

(Continued on page 62)



Farm work is an important part of Mrs. Schramm's therapy, and all the men pitch in. Meal time brings friendly talk around the kitchen table, with Mrs. Schramm ladling out sustaining counsel as well as food.

Freedom's Crowning Hour



TEXT: "Live like free men, only never make your freedom a pretext for misconduct; live like servants of God."—I PETER 2:16 (Moffatt)

By HOWARD C. SCHARFE

ONE of the great heroes of the First World War was King Albert of Belgium. To honor him, a book was published some years ago called "The Book of King Albert." Sir Owen Seaman wrote a poem in it entitled "Between Midnight and Morning." The theme was: "Rejoice . . . that God has given you . . . to live in these great times and have your part in Freedom's crowning hour."

That was a noble sentiment; too bad it is not historically correct. Seaman died in 1936 and even by that time he must have known "freedom's crowning hour" was yet to be achieved. It was not reached in the winning of the first World War nor the second. Too frequently war contributes little if anything to the ultimate freedom. Too frequently it merely gives us a new set of masters and a new set of slaves. The fact is that freedom in the ultimate sense is not interpreted in terms of a victory of arms; it is interpreted in terms of the victory of the soul. Freedom is not achieved by merely removing this and that external restraint; it is not a matter of aptly handling that which is without a man. It is a matter of attitude within a man. Because of that, it is much more a religious problem than a political. Disraeli once said: "The spiritual nature of man is stronger than codes or constitutions. No government can endure which does not recognize that for its foundation and no legislation can last which does not flow from this fountain."

Now, the Bible writers were cognizant of the problem of liberty. The Christian gospel is a gospel of freedom. But freedom as interpreted by the gospel writers is a very different thing from what would appear to be the current conception of it. As a matter of fact, when one finishes reading what the New Testament has to say about it, he may wonder if he has been reading about freedom or a new type of slavery. It certainly does not interpret freedom as doing as one pleases, if doing what one pleases impinges on the rights of others, or on the physical, moral or spiritual health of oneself. According to the teaching of Christ, real freedom is only achieved as one disciplines himself to the truths of life. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Liberty is seldom mentioned in the New Testament without a warning, as though it were a very dangerous thing. James says there is a law of liberty by which seekers

after freedom are judged. This law demands that man live not for himself but for God and one another. Paul says we have been called unto liberty but we lose it if we use it for an occasion of the flesh. But I like especially the way Peter states it. In Dr. Moffatt's translation he says: "Live like free men, only never make your freedom a pretext for misconduct; live like servants of God" (I Peter 2:16).

That just about sums it up. We are free, but we are servants, paradoxical as that may sound. We are free inside law. We are free not to do as we please, but free to do as we ought. We are not so much free from something as we are free for something. And in these days when the world is again fighting for freedom, we will fail again in achieving its crowning hour unless we get hold of its basic meaning.

Free—yet servants. That means we operate within bounds. And the first side of the enclosure is responsibility. There is no more certain way to lose one's liberty than through irresponsibility. One may say, "This is a free country and I may live in it as I choose." He has responsibility to nothing. Usually we find that such people, as Peter says, use their liberty as a pretext for misconduct, and they lose their freedom because they become slaves of their own selfishness. If a person is a Christian, there are some things he cannot do even in this free country. Every place he turns he is faced with a responsibility to himself, to his fellow men and to his God. And yet, strangely enough, he who obeys those demands takes on himself chains that are far less confining than are the shackles of self-indulgence. I like the story Joseph Fort Newton writes about a neighbor of his. The neighbor said: "Fact is, I've been in chains every day of my life, bound hand and foot by the faith which other people had in me. First, there was my little mother—as

sweet a soul as ever lived—really wonderful to me in all sorts of ways. Some things I simply could not do while she was alive—I never felt free to do anything that would hurt her feelings. Then there was the old minister. He knew me from a baby, and believed I was a good sort. Last but not least, there are the wife and family. They have the odd idea that I am a first-rate fellow—and there you are. Some things a man can't do when others may be horribly hurt. If what is worst in us is bound, the

(Continued on page 61)

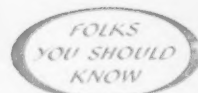


THE AUTHOR is minister of the Shady-side Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, Pa. Canadian-born, he was educated at Queens Univ., Kingston, Ont., Union Theological Seminary, New York, and Columbia Univ. Before assuming his present ministry in 1945 he held pastorates in N. Y. and New Jersey, and in 1946 received a D.D. degree. Dr. Scharfe is a member of the Executive Committee of the Council of Churches of Christ of Allegheny County, and serves on the Board of Trustees of the Univ. of Pittsburgh.



Del Rice of the St. Louis Cardinals is a favorite with church teenagers.

Christian Behind the Plate



By
EDGAR C. SCOTT, JR.

TO SOME of the keener students of baseball, Del Rice of the St. Louis Cardinals is the best defensive catcher in the National League. An amiable, even-tempered six-footer, with a rifle peg and a quick perception of baseball strategy, Del's presence behind the plate often spells the difference between defeat and victory.

However, to the congregation of North St. Louis' Marcus Lutheran Church, Del's off-the-field talents even surpass those of the diamond. Through regular church attendance and active participation in church activities, Del and his wife, Mary Alice, and their

six-year-old son, Ronald Lee, have won the affection and respect of the entire congregation.

In appraising the contributions of the Rice family to Marcus Lutheran, the Rev. Neal J. Ostruske, pastor, likes to quote from Matthew 5:16.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Del Rice, you see, is more than a good ball player. He is also a good Christian, and a likable one. Children of the Marcus Lutheran parochial school and teenagers of the church's Walther League take to Del like a trout fisherman to a mountain stream. Their parents and older members of the congregation also find him good company.

Del, of course, does not canvass the neighborhood in search of converts. Yet through his example, and through church attendance, he frequently serves the same purpose.

One day last fall, the Rev. Ostruske was confronted with a woman who,

though she wanted to join the church, was a little hesitant because her husband refused to make the move with her.

"Pastor Ostruske," she said, "my husband thinks it's sissy for a man to go to church."

FORTUITOUSLY, the Rev. Ostruske had just baptized Del and his son into membership the previous Sunday. So upon approaching the woman's husband, he asked:

"Do you think Del Rice is a sissy?"

"Certainly not," the fellow declared.

"It was not long," the Rev. Ostruske recalls, "until that man and his wife were attending services regularly. And during February they were baptized."

Through this indirect method of personal evangelism, Del makes a major contribution to his church. His direct efforts are equally impressive and concern primarily teenagers and youngsters attending the parochial school. Living just across the street from the church in a small apartment of a four-family flat, Del spends a good

(Continued on page 40)



Terror

"A CRIME like that in a fine, quiet community like ours. Imagine!"

The speaker was a man in Burley, Idaho, where a little girl of 7 was attacked, beaten and left to drown in an irrigation ditch. He, like most of the 5,300 inhabitants, was shocked into utter incredulity. He just couldn't believe such a heinous crime could happen in *his* town.

That's the way it always is. During my two-year study of crime in the United States, each time I dug into serious crimes in the smaller cities and towns, I found the local residents shocked and incredulous. They believed Los Angeles, Chicago, and New York had a corner on crime. They had been lulled by the wishful lullaby, "It can't happen here."

Yet in the new era of *crime against people* our small cities and towns are fully as vulnerable as any teeming metropolis.

A new pattern of crime has emerged in the six years since World War II. We are no longer confronted with the machine-gunning gangsters, the professional dealers in violence, of the pre-war era. As the Kefauver Committee showed the nation, this element has moved into "kid glove" crime, not crime of violence at all, but crime of politics—bribes, fixes, influence, protection. But a new, worse kind of violence has rushed in to fill the vacuum. Today we are confronted, as never before, with the *personal* violence of the mugger, the rapist, the molester of children, the prowler and accoster, and the psychopathic killer. To everyday Americans, who want nothing more than to raise their families in peace, these hoodlums are a far greater menace than oldtime gangdom. The professional gangster, vile though he was, didn't pick on women and children.

To this new onslaught of crime, our smaller communities are wide open. Gangsters, by the nature of their "business," preferred big cities, but the psychopathic hoodlum draws no boundaries. His depredations are as likely to burst forth in the most gentle, well-ordered community as in a swarming city. In fact, crime in this hoodlum era actually has increased faster in our rural areas than it has in our cities!

in your town

This article will shock you—and it should! For the threat here described can happen in YOUR town, not alone in big cities. Here's what you can do about it!

By HOWARD WHITMAN

ILLUSTRATOR: GEORGE WILSON

"F.B.I. Uniform Crime Reports" show, for 1946, a 7.4% increase in cities and a 14.1% increase in rural areas; for 1949, a 4.2% increase in cities and an 8.5% increase in rural areas; for 1950, a 0.4% increase in cities and a 4.4% increase in rural areas. Rural crime has increased faster than city crime during every year since World War II.

Grim indeed has been the impact of an era of *crime against people* upon our nation's smaller communities. More and more townspeople, like the people of Burley, Idaho, are facing the shock and consternation of crime on their own doorsteps.

It was 5:30 p.m. on November 16, 1949—the time of day when people in Burley were setting their tables for evening supper—when little Glenda Joyce Brisbois was reported missing. The tiny, blonde first-grader had been playing with neighbors' children not far from her home. The other children arrived home for supper, but Glenda did not. The first bare inkling of what happened to her came in the halting report of a little, six-year-old playmate, Wayne Whicker. "A man in a car called to Glenda," Wayne said, with wondering eyes which could not have comprehended the deep concern of the grown-ups. "He talked to her a little bit, and then Glenda got in the car and the man drove away."

That was all the police and Glenda's frantic parents had to go on. Townspeople scoured the town of Burley to the last basement and hayloft. A sheriff's patrol combed the main highways and the maze of back roads out in the country. Across the state line, the Utah Highway Patrol set up road blocks, checked vehicles as they passed. Search planes took off and flew low over isolated back country, looking for the abductor's car.

THE next day the search ended.

Glenda Joyce Brisbois was found dead. Her battered little body lay in an irrigation ditch a mile southeast of Burley, partly covered by ten inches of muddy water. Her head was streaked by three deep crimson gashes. After medical examination the following statement was issued:

"We know definitely that she was criminally attacked. She was assaulted by a blunt instrument applied to the head, which was insufficient in itself to cause death. Drowning contributed or was the sole cause of death."

Thus, in the cold words of law officers, the town of Burley faced its tragedy. Like the others who were shocked to incredulity. Glenda's grandmother, Mrs. Mildred Brisbois, said, "It's hard to realize that such a terrible thing could happen in a little town like Burley."

The child's grandfather shook his head and told neighbors, "Glenda always was such a friendly little girl. She had been warned repeatedly about accepting rides from strangers. She just must have forgotten."

Rides from strangers . . . how often the automobile, the stranger, and the unwitting child become the combination of crime in this new era!

THE Police have added a new phrase to their lexicon of offenses: "Automobile sex-kidnaping." Smaller communities are even more vulnerable to it than our mammoth cities, because women and children in small cities and towns more frequently walk along sparsely settled roads on their daily chores, and because there is an easily accessible hinterland of back roads and deserted barns to which the criminal can flee with his victim.

"A twelve-year-old girl, raped in a barn and left for dead, staggered into a cafe today and sobbingly told how she was abducted . . ." states a report from Stockton, California.

It was March 31, 1950. The girl, a slight, thin youngster, had gone to an early evening movie in the community school with her seven-year-old brother. As the two children walked home in the half-light of approaching dusk, a man pulled up to the curb in his automobile, leaned out and called, "Hey, kids, can you tell me how to get to—"

He didn't finish the sentence. His arm shot out and encircled the girl's waist as she approached the car to answer his question. She screamed as she was pulled into the automobile. Her little brother tried to rescue her, diving valiantly at the man, seizing his leg, screaming and clawing. The man kicked him to the curb, slammed the door and sped away.

"I killed a girl once," he growled at his trembling captive as they sped out toward the isolated countryside. She started sobbing, praying. As they neared Lockeford, seventeen miles away, he knocked her unconscious with a blow across the nape of the neck. Then he carried her limp body to a deserted barn and

attacked her. He left her there, hurt and insensible, perhaps dead—he couldn't be sure.

Hours later, in the crisp light of the morning, the child recovered consciousness. She pulled her shredded clothes together and started barefoot down the country road. She staggered for four miles, then came to a tavern and slumped exhausted into the arms of friendly townsfolk.

In my coast-to-coast survey I found the pattern repeated hundreds of times. Nearly every community had its example of "automobile sex-kidnaping," the hoodlum era's horrible successor to kidnaping-for-ransom in the days of professionalized crime. The variations were many but the pattern was always the same. In Red Lake Falls, Minnesota, a seven-year-old girl was abducted in a car, attacked, and left semi-conscious in a haystack in near-zero weather. . . . In Whittier, California, a forty-five-year-old woman snatched into a car by five young hoodlums who held her captive in the back seat and repeatedly attacked her while they drove around for hours, holding her at gunpoint. . . . In Lake Placid, New York, a six-year-old girl assaulted by a man who picked her up in a station wagon outside St. Agnes Church—just ten days before Christmas—on the pretext that he was "one of Santa Claus's helpers!"

Our small communities have had hoodlum crime etched upon them in a deep and tragic pattern. They have known the implications of an era where crime is predominantly neurotic and psychopathic, when it seems motivated not so much by monetary gain and aggrandizement as by severe emotional distortions. Hence the prevalence of sex crimes. But there are also the crimes of sheer violence—violence for its own sake. Here again police have had to add a new phrase to their lexicon: the "no-reason attack." They apply it when a man is mugged or strong-armed, beaten up savagely, for apparently no reason. Sometimes a few cents or a few dollars may be taken from him, but police discount robbery as a prime motive. "There are so many easier ways to get a few dollars. The gain just isn't commensurate with the violence," one police chief remarked. Many psychiatrists agree. They agree that in this new era of crime, violence has become a neurotic end in itself.

Youngsters have latched onto it. I found cases where mere kids of 12 to 16 have swooped down in their hot-rod jalopies upon innocent pedestrians and beaten them up "just for a thrill." I found cases where they armed themselves with bottles and bludgeons, waiting in ambush to beat up "the first guy who comes along."

Near Holland, Missouri, a fifteen-year-old farm boy sawed the lock off a railroad switch and threw the switch so that an oncoming passenger express was wrecked, killing the engineer, seriously injuring the fireman, derailling the locomotive and three cars. When asked, "Why did you do it?" the boy replied, "I just wanted to see a train wreck."

In the little town of Willmar, Minnesota, three youngsters reached what must be the nation's all-time low in street attacks. Last January, when the sidewalks were coated with ice, they ambushed a near-blind man as he came groping along precariously with his

from 6,990 to 8,442 annually. But while murder victims in the previous era of gangsterism were, for the most part, rival gunmen rubbed out in the course of mutual assassination, the victims in the hoodlum era often are innocent people minding their own business—family people, women and children. Often they are small-town people caught up in the most fearsome of the psychopathic patterns: the sex crime.

Take these typical cases:

Vancouver, Washington, March 19, 1950. A young hospital worker kidnaped off the street as she was on her way home, driven off in a car, her nude body found a week later in a river fifty miles away.

Amsterdam, New York, October 2, 1950. A young man and his fiancée ambushed as they sat in a parked car after attending an evening movie, the girl raped and both of them shot to death with a rifle.

Riverside, California, March 26, 1951. A young husband and wife murdered along a roadside where they stopped their car, the woman hurled into an abandoned quarry, the man left dead with their eight-month-old baby, unharmed, on a blanket beside him.

These are the kind of murders, and the kind of innocent victims, which have taken the place of gangsters shooting each other. What does the overall picture mean to America? It means that somewhere in the land a major crime is committed every eighteen seconds, on the average, day and night. It means a murder every forty-four minutes, a rape every thirty-two minutes, a robbery every nine minutes, an aggravated assault every ninety seconds, and a burglary every seventy-five seconds. It means that during an average day, 293 people are killed or assaulted, 162 people are robbed, 1,100 burglaries are committed, and 45 women and girls are raped—somewhere in the United States.

Is there anything *you* can do to keep the scourge from your town? Is there anything *you* can do to make your own family safer?

Former Police Commissioner Harry S. Toy, of Detroit, put his finger on the householder's problem when he said to me, "A generation ago, man armed himself—he protected his family. He had vicious dogs around his home. His entire outlook was one of saving his family from the inroads of the criminal. But today the picture is different. Now we trust our safety to the police."

We trust our safety to the police. In my two-year survey I found that the police, by and large, were failing
(Continued on page 31)



• Bein' poor is a problem, but bein' rich ain't the answer.

• Don't lay for your enemies nor lie for your friends.

• If the church aims to hit sin it should pull the trigger.

• The parson should tell folks how to get on, not where to get off.

• One good way to break a bad habit: drop it!

• A mule can't kick while pulling.

• The Gospel with teeth in it is sometimes hard to swallow.

• Oversleeping keeps a lot of dreams from coming true.

—CHARLEY GRANT

white cane. One boy kicked the cane out from under him. As he sprawled upon the icy sidewalk, they ransacked his pockets.

The range of violence goes all the way from peccadillos to murder. In Ukiah, California, a fifteen-year-old girl took an automatic pistol, walked two miles to a neighboring ranch and—for apparently no reason—shot and killed an old man of 70 whom she found alone in the kitchen. He was standing over the stove. She inched up behind him and sent a bullet through the back of his skull.

Was there any explanation? All the sheriff could get out of her was, "I had a desire to kill."

Murder has been a major by-product of the hoodlum era. The toll, in the years since World War II, has run

Confessions of an Ex-Liberal

by
Erma Ferrari



She found that political "Liberals" are really narrow-minded reactionaries, and then rediscovered for herself her shining American heritage of freedom

ABOUT the time, some years back, that I stepped off the campus of a small New England college and secured my first job, it was becoming very "smart" to be a political Liberal. Nobody in our crowd knew just what a Liberal was, or what we were liberal about, but there were several favorite topics of discussion that identified one as such. The Constitution of our country, for example, became in our thinking an inflexible, outmoded document, dreamed up by a group of eighteenth-century conservatives who could not see beyond their day.

And what we could do, from the cozy warmth of our tiny apartments, with free enterprise, about which American business boasted so much! Free enterprise, as every "true Liberal" knew, was really a cut-throat, dog-eat-dog system that created millionaires and paupers, the paupers out of all proportion to the millionaires. Of course, we were all eating well and having a whale of a good time on salaries that, if modest, represented all that we were worth. But never, in our search for something we nebulously

identified as "the good life," and which the intellectually honest among us knew full well we were already enjoying, did it occur to us that free enterprise might have something to do with our eating three meals a day and living and talking, God forgive us, just about as we jolly well pleased!

No, we thought nothing about that. It was easier to shout that sixteen families owned America. Or was it fifteen? I do not remember, but that was a popular cry among the Liberals of the day. The only freedom the great masses of Americans had, carped we, was freedom to starve, or to be foreclosed, or to pound the pavements in search of a job. All that must be changed. So we were Liberals. To be otherwise was to be dull, reactionary, and certainly not worthy members of the ranks of the intelligentsia, which we honestly believed ourselves to be. To be sure, not one of our crowd would have recognized a principle from "Das Kapital" had we fallen over it head first. But to be a Liberal was the thing, and the louder you sniffed at rugged, old-fashioned Americanism, the bigger Liberal you were.

Still young enough so that I cannot be accused of suffering from hardening of the arteries or slightly atrophied mental processes, I look back now and wonder at our gullible stupidity. Our generation was egged on by a group of American men and women of letters who worshiped "the god that failed," as some of them have recently and belatedly confessed.

It was a return visit to that small college campus and a brief talk with a former professor that brought me up short. I had too much respect for the elderly professor to look at him down my Liberal nose. I admired his scholarship and his integrity. But of course he was the product of another generation, I thought, somewhat condescendingly. This was a new day, and a new generation would build a newer, freer world.

I SAID as much to my former teacher. He smiled gently as he answered. "Will you? I hope so. There is much in America that must be changed. But be sure you keep what you already have of freedom. The founding fathers were the most intelligent, far-sighted build-

ers of a free world, for free men, that the ages have ever produced. If you have forgotten that, re-read the Bill of Rights one of these days. Then start from there, building your new world."

One reason I was in a mood to follow my old professor's advice was that I had begun to suspect that many of my so-called liberal friends had become so "liberal" that they had few principles left, moral, intellectual, or spiritual. They wanted to make their own moral code, although they would not have recommended a similar code for what they termed the "bourgeoisie." (How they loved to bandy that term around!)

Furthermore, an uneasy feeling was growing within me that these liberal pals of mine were the biggest bunch of reactionaries in America! It would have shocked them profoundly to hear that, but it was true. I knew in my secret heart that a truly liberal person was as tolerant of one whom he considered ignorant and narrow-minded as he was of one whom he considered liberal and broad-minded. But some of my liberal friends, while tolerant of just about every kind of loose political philosophy and social behavior, were rigidly intolerant of those whom they branded "narrow-minded," "religious fanatics," "puritans," "conservatives." They wrote off the church with a superior air.

So it was that my professor's suggestion challenged me. I dug out the Constitution and re-read the Bill of Rights with unfettered eyes. And I made a wonderful and jolting discovery. Suddenly I knew that "the land of the free" was not just a high-sounding phrase, coined by Francis Scott Key in a moment of emotional fervor, and that the Bill of Rights is vastly more than a dusty set of rules printed in small type in the appendix of my old history textbook. In flashing clarity I saw the Bill of Rights as my *personal guarantee of freedom*.

Not even the national government can infringe upon those rights—the right to worship unmolested, the right to assemble, to petition, the rights of free speech and a free press. If this is "old stuff" to you, please remind yourself that even Americans have not always had those rights. Rather, Americans fought to establish them.

Freedom of religion, I discovered, as provided for in the First Amendment of our Constitution, was not easily won. I had attended a beautiful church facing a New England village green ever since, at the age of four, I had sung lustily from the primary department corner of the big Sunday-school room. I would never have dared to confess to my emancipated contemporaries—the Liberals—

that I still cherished a stack of lesson cards, with their brightly colored Bible pictures, which I had received in those far-off days.

To my friends, Puritan New England may have been only another dusty fact of history. But it was not a dusty fact of history to Thomas Jefferson and his followers when they were called upon to ratify the Constitution. They had known something about persecution first-hand, and they resolved that

*Parson
Larson
Says:*



✓ Beef probably reached an all-time high when the cow jumped over the moon. It hasn't come down very much yet.

✓ The paper says the player-piano is coming back. Just when television is bringing family groups together again, this has to happen!

✓ I'll bet those Ubangi women who wear platters in their lips and bones in their ears look terrible when they first get up in the morning.

✓ Two shirts were torn up this week by my laundry. The laundryman declares it looks to him as if these shirts were caught in the mangle. Well, that convinces me! We now have enough machines. My clothes often come back mangled, but I never knew they had a special machine to do it.

✓ Many a man has said to his wife, "You are one in a thousand, dear!" Solomon was the only man I know of who could say those words without fear of contradiction.

—DON FONTAINE

the nation they were founding was to be free of it. So they insisted upon the first ten amendments to the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, before they would lead their states to ratify.

Despite their early sins of blind and rigid intolerance, and their lack of any conception of the meaning of democracy, the Puritans brought high standards of moral integrity to both private and public life in America—standards which America has lost in many areas and which she must recapture if Christian democracy is to survive. The descendants of the Puritans, inheritors of those high standards, were the men and women who, in the generations which followed, made America great.

Nor was religion the only bone of controversy in early America. A young printer, and a brave one, John Peter Zenger, was the publisher of the *New York Weekly Journal*, back in 1734. Because he dared to print articles in his journal charging the British colonial government with corruption and arbitrary administration, he was thrown into prison and charged with seditious libel. For ten months he was held in prison, editing the paper from his cell. The story of John Peter Zenger's trial in St. Paul's Church in Eastchester, N. Y., and his brilliant defense by an aged and equally courageous Philadelphia lawyer, Andrew Hamilton, makes thrilling reading.

Zenger's acquittal, after his fiery trial before a prejudiced, anti-colonial judge, aroused the cheers of the crowded courtroom and established freedom of the press in America, the first time such freedom had been established anywhere in the world.

Remember that, as you read the frankly critical comment and the forthright analysis of the news in your favorite newspaper. It was not always so, even in America. One young man staked his life for a free press in our country. I doubted that any Liberal in my young set was prepared to do likewise.

Then there is that time-worn adage, "A man's home is his castle." Yes, it is, at least in America, thanks to the far-seeing wisdom of the founding fathers. How long since you have read the Fourth Amendment?

"The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized."

That makes your home as impregnable as a medieval castle. "Of course," we say. We take it for granted. We forget that the millions of people behind the Iron Curtain, who turn pale with apprehension when a loud knock sounds at their door, have no such protection.

The tolerance and patience displayed by the courts in recent trials of American Communists have tempted many to criticize a legal system that affords such treatment to traitors. But thank God, and the labor and sacrifice of those early Americans, for a fair trial by jury. Such a trial is frequently a long, labored, time-wasting and money-wasting process, but it is so because in America the accused is given every opportunity that could be conceived

(Continued on page 62)



THERE is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or, when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor. Do not forget that even as "to work is to worship," so to be cheery is to worship also, and to be happy is the first step to being pious. There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy, if I may.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



The builder who first bridged Niagara's gorge,
Before he swung his cable, shore to shore,
Sent out across the gulf his venturing kite
Bearing a slender cord for unseen hands
To grasp upon a further cliff and draw
A greater cord, and then a greater yet;
Till at last across the chasm swung
The cable—then the mighty bridge in air.

So we may send our little timid thought
Across the void, out to God's reaching hands,
Send out our faith and love to thread the deep,
Thought after thought, until the little cord
Has greated to a chain no chance can break,
And—we are anchored to the Infinite.

—EDWIN MARKHAM
From Mrs. G. W. Higley, Pittsburgh, Pa.



BEDTIME PRAYER

Lord, thou knowest how I live,
All I've done amiss, forgive;
All of good I've tried to do
Strengthen, bless and carry through;
All I love, in safety keep,
While in Thee I fall asleep.

—HENRY VAN DYKE

He serves his country best
Who lives pure life and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths, however others stray,
And leaves his sons, an uttermost bequest,
A stainless record, which all men may read.

—Susan Coolidge



*Thy love
Shall chant itself its own beatitudes
After its life-working.
A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.*

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
From Ruth E. Byerly, Monterrey, N. L., Mexico



Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES



LESSON

*Have you seen, anywhere, a tall little lad
And a winsome wee lass of four?
It was only today, barefooted and brown,
That they played by my kitchen door.
It was only today (or maybe a year;
It could not be twenty, I know!)
They were shouting for me to help in their game,
But I was too busy to go;
Too busy with sweeping and dusting to play
And now they have silently wandered away.*

*If by chance you should hear of a little slim lad
And a small winsome lass of four,
I pray you to tell me! To find them again
I would journey the wide world o'er.
Somewhere, I am sure, they'll be playing a game,
And should they be calling for me
To come out and help, oh, tell them, I beg,
I'm coming as fast as can be!
For there's never a house might hold me today
Could I hear them call me to share in their play!*

—MINNIE CASE HOPKINS
From Mrs. C. R. Gilliam, Philadelphia, Pa.

LAST night my little boy came to me, confessed some childish wrong, and kneeling at my knee, prayed with tear-filled eyes: "Oh Lord, make me a man like Daddy—wise and strong. I know you can." That night while he slept, I knelt beside his bed, confessed my sins, and prayed with low-bowed head: "Oh God, make me a child, like my child here; pure, guileless, trusting Thee with faith sincere."

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN



"I THANK YOU"

My God, today I kneel to say, I thank You.
For once my prayer holds no request,
No names of friends for You to bless—
Because I think that even You
Might like sometime a prayer that's new;
Might like to hear somebody pray
Who had no words but thanks to say;
Somebody satisfied and glad
For all the joys that she has had.
And so I thank You, Lord, again. Amen.

—Author Unknown
From Mrs. S. B. Roring, Lock Haven, Pa.



Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy:
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

—C. CIBBER
from "The Blind Boy"



If you were busy being true
To what you knew you ought to do,
You'd be so busy you'd forget
The blunders of the folks you met.

—ANONYMOUS
From Mrs. M. W. Smith, Larned, Kansas.

What is your favorite quotation or bit of verse? Include source and author and your own name. Sorry, no items returned, and no original material used.



Thanks to the Christian Boys Town movement, life shines brightly once more for these German "sons of the dead."



Sons of the

By HARTZELL SPENCE

A SMALL group of earnest Christians led by a tall, bald Prussian named Gustav Adolf Gedat are performing a miracle in conquered Germany. They are rounding up the hundreds of thousands of derelict orphan boys left in the backwash of war, saving them from Communism, and giving them a new start in life.

It is a perfect application of Christ's parable of the good Samaritan. It seems to be the perfect answer to the dogged anti-democratic propaganda of the Communists, for it is based not on class struggle and hatred, but on the importance of the individual and brotherly love.

Late in 1945 a truck driver pushing through a snowstorm between bomb-flattened Pforzheim in Germany and equally devastated Frankfurt, let a gaunt hitch-hiker climb atop his load of roofing tiles. The hiker was Gedat. Already on the truck, huddled against the cold, chain-smoking and coughing up his tubercular lungs, cringed a gutter nomad of 14. Gedat knew immediately who he was: one of the countless German boys who were roaming the countryside because the war had destroyed their parents, their homes, their way of life, their future and their morale.

They sat in silence for many minutes until the lad lit his fifth cigarette from

the burning stub of his fourth. Then Gedat spoke.

"Do you think it is right," he asked gently, "for you to punish your sick lungs with so much smoke? You will kill yourself that way."

The boy shrugged. "What difference does it make?" he said.

Gedat closed his eyes against the hopelessness before him. He himself had lost everything in the war: his estate, his family, his life savings. The shock had been cruel. How much worse it must be, he thought, for these

young boys! There were so many of them, and to their legion were added others who slipped over from the Soviet zone into West Germany hoping to find that Christian charity the western world spoke so much about. The West answered this hope by jailing those who were caught, or throwing them into already jam-packed institutions for delinquents.

Yet these lads were not delinquents, Gedat knew. They were the war-surviving remains of German youth. The sons of everyone. The sons of the dead. Thrown completely on a world in chaos, a world without food or even drinking water, these children left the derelict cities for the open road. They did anything and everything necessary to survival. They moved constantly to escape arrest. The girls were the luckiest; most of them found refuge with compassionate farmers or became servants of the military government. The boys were different; nobody wanted them. They became thieves, black marketeers, hustlers for petty gangs, hoboos. And the Communists gnawed at them constantly. "Capitalism did this to you," the Reds said.

"Something must be done for these boys," Gedat told himself that cold night on the truck. "I don't know what, but something must be done."

When he left the truck, he took the boy with him, and thus began an organization which, in four years, has rehabilitated more than 150,000 teen-

Led by a counsellor, a group of boys leave Castle Mainau on Lake Constance for an early morning hike. This is one of the largest of the Boys Towns.



Dead

The gripping story of what one man is doing to save 500,000 German youth from the clutches of Communism

age boys, taken them off the road and given them a new life. Today in Germany, Gedat's organization, called "Christian Boys Towns," operates twelve castles—former concentration camps and army barracks—in which 3,500 boys at a time are housed. As soon as they become adjusted to a useful life they are moved from the camps to the homes of private sponsors, to make room for more derelicts.

IF WE DO not save them," he says, "the Communists will take them."

Gedat knows this to be true. On Whitsuntide, 1950, he watched 500,000 East German boys march eight hours through rain bearing the symbols of world revolution. And he knows what happened in Germany under Hitler, for he was one of the first fighters against the nazification of German youth.

Gedat, member of an ancient Prussian family, had planned to be an Evangelical minister but went into Christian youth work instead. In 1935 he was declared an enemy of the Reich and forbidden to teach or preach because he dared challenge the Nazi principle that the Christian religion was nonsense. He went underground, and for ten years was one of a little band who kept such Christian organizations as the Y.M. C.A. and the Lutheran, Calvinist and Evangelical young people's groups going through secret meetings. When the Russian armies absorbed East



The Christian flag flies above a summer camp in Southern Germany. Right: Schloss Kaltenstein, near Stuttgart, houses one of the many Boys Towns.

Prussia, Gedat's estate and all his family were lost. At war's end he had nothing.

Now, with this derelict German boy beside him, he went back to the youth organizations so zealously kept alive, and they sprang from underground to become the supporters of Boys Towns.

(Continued on page 58)



Mechanical shop, Boys Town Schloss Kaltenstein. Below, right: U. S. High Commissioner John J. McCloy and Mrs. McCloy inspect one of the dormitories.





Enlarge Your Hymn Repertoire

SUPPOSE expert judges were to visit the churches of your community and appraise the congregational singing. Could you be sure your church would rate high in interpretation, intonation, devotional fervor, enunciation and tone quality? Or would you be afraid that unless the hymn were one of those few familiar ones, the singing might drop almost to a murmur, leaving the organ or the trained choir to carry on alone?

Then here's a worthwhile project for your group. Stimulate interest in your hymns and their meaning among yourselves, and your enthusiasm is bound to carry on to the rest of the congregation. During the coming year why not make a comprehensive study of your church hymnal? Get acquainted with its contents; learn something of the interesting historical background and interpretation of the hymns; and especially, become familiar with a large number of tunes you were never quite sure of. Then you can sing out heartily in church, helping those about you to follow more easily.

"Women can be of great assistance to the minister in encouraging the learning of new hymns, and promoting the appreciation of them, not just as tunes, but as words with meaning," says the Rev. William A. Leath.

At First Congregational Church, Columbus, Ohio, First Congregational Church, Elyria, Ohio, and Union Congregational Church, Upper Montclair, N.J., where he successively served as minister, Mr. Leath took steps to enlarge his congregation's hymn repertoire. Small groups met in homes for the singing of unfamiliar hymns and study of their meaning. Later everyone was invited to attend an evening hymn sing in the church. Refreshments served after the singing made it a social occasion.

At the Elyria church the minister of music, the Rev. Thomas Curtis, created interest in hymns by experimenting with unusual organ effects. When the hymn was a familiar one, and the singing strong, he often stopped the organ and let the voices carry the music alone.

At First Baptist Church, Los Angeles, Calif., where the Rev. Frank B. Fagerburg is minister, a "Hymn of the Month" campaign was carried out for a year and found interesting and helpful. The plan was to choose a hymn for use at every church meeting during the month, including worship service. The first Sunday of the month Dr. Fagerburg used the hymn as the basis of his communion meditation. The words of the hymn were printed in the church calendar.

These are methods ministers have used to help encourage better hymn sing, knowing well the embarrassing muteness of the congregation when a hymn is selected which nobody can sing. You can relieve your busy pastor of this added task by carrying out his ideas within your own group. After a few meetings on hymns you will be able to surprise and delight him with the improved effect at services.

You could base a whole year's study program on hymns, their authors and composers. Assign two or three unfamiliar hymns from your hymnal to

two or three members for each meeting. Let them look up the background, interpretation and authorship of those hymns and present a brief talk on them.

While the story of the hymn is fresh in everyone's mind, sing it through two or three times with piano accompaniment. Don't let anyone shy out of this, pleading that her voice is not good enough. Tell her she'll be surprised what a little practice will do. And every voice is good enough to "make a joyful noise unto the Lord." At the close of your meeting, sing all the chosen hymns through once again, so that you feel well acquainted with them.

Inform your minister of which hymns you are working on, so that he may have an opportunity to include them in his services at his earliest convenience, and enable you to sing them with the full congregation and organ. Or, you might ask in advance what hymns he would particularly like to have you learn.

For the end of the year plan a bang-up musical evening to which the whole congregation will be invited. This is when your group will have an opportunity to demonstrate how much you have learned during the year. Use the hymns you have been studying as a basis. Let some of your members, or your minister, read brief extracts culled from the explanatory notes you made during the year's study.

Your group could then sing one hymn as it should preferably be sung. Afterwards, you should return to seats in the auditorium so that you can help when the unfamiliar tune is sung.

It is a good idea to have one or more assisting instrumentalists to support the organ as accompaniment for this hymn singing. A cornetist, especially, will hold the singers together. Or a trumpet stop on the organ will give somewhat the same effect. However, this should not be overdone, but used only for certain stanzas.

There are a number of excellent source books on the subject of hymns,

which you can use in looking up their history and significance, and biographical data about their authors. Your local library can probably supply you with some books from the list given at the end of this article.

"The Gospel in Hymns," by Prof. Albert Edward Bailey, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1950, \$6, is a splendid reference for your purposes. It gives a comprehensive history of the greatest hymns from early times to the present day—including more than 300. Each hymn is discussed in detail. The historical, religious and social environment out of which each grew is described. Interesting facts are related about the authors and the circumstances under which the hymns were written.

The hymns discussed in this book were chosen from ten different hymnals by committees of ten denominations. Hymns found in six of the hymnals were chosen for special study, and a few others were added for special reasons. This was done to make

A Hobo Picnic is Fun

FOR something out of the ordinary, try a "hobo" picnic. Tie a meal in a bundle and let everyone carry his own. Perhaps you're playing hostess to your Sunday-school class, a group of ravenous teen-agers. Perhaps your group is giving a little money-making social. The idea is equally good here.

Big gay cotton squares for the bundles may be of red checked gingham from your bargain basement, red and blue bandana handkerchiefs, or pieces of old sheeting dyed various colors. It's worthwhile to invest in a sufficient number of these for your group, since they can be used again and again. Line the cloth with waxed paper, pack each person's rations individually, and tie opposite corners of the kerchief in strong knots. Hobo bundles can be swung from bicycle bars or shoulder sticks, or piled in a

basket in someone's car. Opened on your laps in the woods or on the beach, they serve as tablecloth and napkin.

Baked beans travel easily hobo-style when spooned hot, just before starting, from the large pans in which you bake them into individual covered paper cups. Add to each hobo pack a bologna or ham and lettuce sandwich, a piece of fruit, carrot and celery sticks, a wedge of cheese, and some cookies. Cold carbonated beverages can either be bought at the picnic grounds, or carried there in a tub of ice.

Below is a recipe for baked beans. To use *canned* baked beans for your crowd, allow a one-pound can for two generous servings. For each can add one tablespoon of unsulphured molasses, 2 teaspoons of chopped onion,



½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon prepared mustard. Bake in moderate oven till beans are heated through.

For your money-making affair have hobo bundles all prepared on counters in your church kitchen. Let everyone file through and pay so much per bundle to carry it out on the parish house grounds and enjoy it. Refreshments for an evening young people's party are attractive served hobo style, too. Tie food for two together, and let couples pair off.

Tasty baked beans, served individually, go piping hot from oven to picnic cups.



Large Quantity Recipe

BAKED BEANS (for 58)

Beans, navy, 5 pounds
Salt pork, ½ in. cubes, 2 pounds 9 ounces
Mustard, dry, 3 tablespoons
Sugar, 14 oz. (1½ cups)
Molasses, medium dark, 6 oz. (½ cup)
Water, 1½ gal.

Soak beans in water to cover for twelve hours or more. Drain. Fry salt pork until brown and mix pork and fat with mustard, sugar and molasses. Add pork mixture to beans. Put into jars, crocks or pans with small evaporating surface. Add the water. Cover and bake seven to eight hours at 250 degrees F. Uncover and brown the last hour. Add extra hot water while baking, if necessary.

From "Quantity Cookery" by Treat and Richards.

this hymnary ecumenical in its scope. The hymn books from which these choices were made are: Anglican (Canadian), "The Hymn Book," 1938; Baptist, Disciples, "Christian Worship," 1941; Congregational Christian, "Pilgrim Hymnal," 1935; Episcopal (U.S.), "The Hymnal," 1940; United Lutheran, "Common Service Book," 1918; Methodist, "The Methodist Hymnal," 1939; undenominational, "New Church Hymnal," 1937; Presbyterian, "The Hymnal," 1937; Anglican (English), "Songs of Praise," 1931; United Church of Canada, "The Hymnary," 1930.

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PROJECTS THAT PAY

MMUSICAL teas were once a favorite money-making function. But in today's rush and bustle they are often crowded out by less formal entertainment. They are still a very pleasant, refreshing way of earning needed funds.

Miss Eleanor P. Clarkson writes to tell us of the annual musical tea which is a tradition with her group, the Wesleyan Service Guild of Christ Church, Methodist, New York. This organization is for gainfully employed women and numbers approximately 100 members, most of them single. Proceeds from their tea go to a nursery for children of working mothers in East Harlem.

Music for the affair is arranged by one of the members who also plays the piano for hymn singing at meetings. She always knows of other young musicians who will be helped by an opportunity to perform publicly. Usually she secures two vocalists and an instrumentalist for variety, and serves as accompanist herself.

In your community you can find similar artists who are glad to give their services for charitable programs. A music teacher will be helpful in securing the performers for you, or you may have sufficient talent within your church membership. Remember that good variety is important. Don't have two singers with the same type of voice, or two of any one instrument, unless they are to play in duet. Three or four musicians are enough to give variety to your program. If you have more, they will not have time for enough selections to make performing worth their while.

Every member of the group is given some responsibility in making the tea a success, so that each feels a sense of accomplishment when the donation is made to the nursery. Plans are worked out months in advance. A chairman is appointed and tasks meted out. Separate committees meet individually to write invitations, make posters, and help with decorations. Someone is selected for the important job of pouring, while others serve as hostesses and ushers.

The day of the tea, hostesses are stationed at the main door to greet guests, relay messages, and answer questions. Ushers pass out programs and seat the guests. During an intermission in the musical program, tea is served, giving an opportunity for visiting and relaxation.

No tickets are sold or admission charged, but the chairman of the budget committee sits by the door at a table with a bouquet and a collection plate, and receives the voluntary contributions.



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TERROR IN YOUR TOWN

(Continued from page 22)

to cope with hoodlum crime because they were failing to recognize it for what it is. They were buzzing around in radio cars and leaving the foot-beats grossly uncovered. The complaint of residents everywhere was, "We never see a policeman." Yet if one fact is indisputable about hoodlum crime, it is this: we never can curb it until we get our police back on patrol, *on foot-beats*, in our parks and residential neighborhoods wherever possible.

But police departments cost money, and the budgets of many of our small cities and towns are already stretched to the limit. We must find ways of increasing our police protection without additional expense. This is where *you*, the citizen, can help.

Go to see your police chief. Make his acquaintance. After all, he is your professional aide and advisor in the matter of protection from crime, just as your doctor and lawyer serve you in their fields. Feel free to establish a professional relationship with him. Take this article with you, and ask him to read it. Discuss the problem. Ask for details of the situation in your particular town.

You will probably find that your police department is under-manned. The need for more men is virtually universal, yet it is hard to see where they could come from in these days of manpower drainage for military and economic mobilization. An adequate police department ought, generally, to have three policemen per thousand population. In our large cities the present average is 2.44 per thousand, while in cities of 10,000 to 25,000 population the average is 1.51 police per thousand and in smaller towns the average is 1.42 per thousand.

You and your neighbors can help your police department increase its coverage by doing part-time volunteer work. I do not mean actual crime-fighting or patrol, which would be both ineffective and dangerous for civilians to undertake. I mean, rather, indoor work—clerical work, licensing, switchboard operating, report making, filing, and the dozens of routine chores which sap so much of the strength of our departments. For each hour of work you do, you release a trained police officer for crime-prevention duty on the streets.

Church groups, Parent-Teachers Associations, businessmen's clubs might well take on such auxiliary police duties, thus vastly increasing the protection of their own neighborhoods.

Talk it over with your chief. See



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how he thinks *you* can help. That is step number one.

Yet even with increased manpower there is little a police department can do unless it knows what crimes are occurring. *Failure to report crimes* is one of the glaring dangers of the hoodlum era. Some of these crimes, sex crimes especially and crimes against children, are highly personal and touch deep wells of sensitive feeling. Hence thousands of them are never reported to the police, and dangerous criminals are free to roam at will, continuing their depredations.

An estimated fifty percent of all rape cases are never reported to the police, and, in cases of molestation of children, probably eighty to ninety percent are not reported. People shy away from reporting such crimes because they fear the mire of cheap publicity. You can't blame them. But you can help them. You can take the matter up with church and civic groups and arrange, as some communities already have, for the complete protection of victims from any and all notoriety. Try it. Your newspapers and police will be glad to cooperate.

That, then, is step number two. Protect the anonymity of victims so that *all* crimes can be reported. Why let a sex offender commit five, ten, or twenty offenses—perhaps culminating in murder—before the community even knows of the danger?

Step number three is *education*, perhaps the most important step of all. It means education of the parents themselves, of the children—and even of the police. The era of hoodlum crime has brought into play many psychopathic factors which wholesome, healthy people rarely think about and often shy away from. But squeamishness is a luxury we no longer can afford.

A PARENT who learns that his child has been subjected to the advances of a person of abnormal sexual tendencies often does not understand that the child has been in real danger," a police briefing officer explained to his men in Los Angeles. In my own talks with parents throughout the country, I was appalled at their unawareness. Some thought their children were entirely safe from molestation because they were boys. They had not faced the facts of sexual deviation and distortion. Many of the victims of sex murders have been boys; in St. Louis a study of all reported molestation cases during 1948 showed that twenty percent of the victims were boys.

What better way to face up to the educational problem than to schedule

a competent speaker—a doctor, psychologist, or trained police officer—to address your local P.-T. A.P To be forewarned, as we well know, is to be forearmed.

Parents themselves must take on the job of educating their children. Probably half of the sex crimes of recent years could have been avoided if the innocent child had known at least enough to protect himself from falling into a trap. Children must know enough about life's dangers to guard themselves against the sex offender's offerings of candy and comic books, his blandishments, his guileful approaches. There is no better, more protective knowledge than sound, wholesome sex education.

It is the parents' job to provide it. J. Edgar Hoover wisely insists, "Every father and mother in the land should, at the right time and in the right manner, teach their children the fundamental facts of life. . . . The taboo that has too long surrounded normal, healthy sex education must be removed before we can expect the development of a nation-wide cure for a type of crime which is taking its toll at the rate of a criminal assault every thirty-two minutes, day and night, in the United States."

FINALLY, the police themselves must be educated. I found abysmal ignorance among some of them on the subject of abnormal behavior. They were accustomed to dealing with crime against property, with larcenies and burglaries. When they were confronted with personality distortions, with psychopathic crime, they were at sea. This means that the potential sex criminal goes undetected. It means failure in the most vital area of police work: crime prevention.

There are several first-rate police academies where sound training can be obtained. There is the F.B.I. National Academy in Washington. There is the Southern Police Institute in Louisville, Kentucky. There are excellent city academies in St. Louis and Los Angeles. Perhaps your town could send an outstanding local policeman to one of these academies, either for a full course or for a two-week visit, to study the psychology of crime, the psychopathic criminal, and methods of early detection and prevention. When he returned, he could brief the rest of the force. It would pay dividends.

Hoodlum crime will not be curbed by supine waiting. If we do nothing it will, in all likelihood, get worse. But the hopeful part of the picture is that *we need not do nothing*. There is a job for each of us to do. There is a way in which *you*, personally, can help make your town safer. THE END

Christian Herald's SHOPPING CORNER



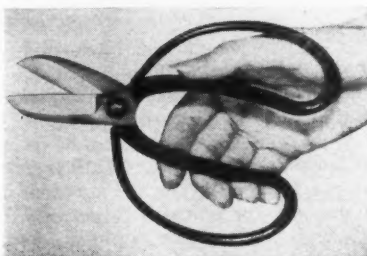
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Daily Meditations

by John W. McKelvey

Sunday, July 1

READ PSALM 37:1, 2

THIS GREAT SONG of David constitutes the best antidote I know for the misgivings and disillusionment of these times. When wars threaten and the powers of evil rise up to enslave me, then I like to turn to this psalm. When I was growing up in a Methodist parsonage I learned this psalm by heart. I committed it to memory a few verses at a time during family worship, my father "lining them off" until they became "fixed." I have been so grateful ever since that I want to suggest that as you follow these meditations you do the same thing.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer. Amen.

Monday, July 2

READ PSALM 37:3

IT IS A SAD RELIGION that is never strong except when its owner is sick. It is a glorious religion, it can be truly said, that does not know victory until its owner has been defeated. Such a religion has power in it. The psalmist was girded by such a faith and dared to live in utter reliance upon God "until Shiloh come." Just what the author of Genesis 49:10 had in mind when he coined this strange expression I do not know, but the psalmist undoubtedly understood it to mean "until the Messiah come," that is, until all things are made plain, all injustices righted, all heartaches stilled in the knowledge and peace of God by faith in Jesus.

Send forth Thy light, O Thou living Christ of God, that in Thy light we may walk without stumbling. Amen.

Tuesday, July 3

READ PSALM 37:4

TOO OFTEN we are like the little girl who was getting started once again in her work at school and was having trouble with arithmetic. She had gone to her father for assistance. After struggling valiantly through her assignment he was startled to hear his daughter say that it was going to be worse next week. "What happens next week?" he

asked. "Well, next week," his daughter replied, "they're going to begin teaching us the dismal system." Is yours a dismal, or even decimal (piece-meal) experience of God? Does the future frighten you? The answer depends on you and how you hold fast to God.

Speak comfortably, O Spirit of the living God, that I may bear trouble and sorrow and achieve victory through Him who loves me, even me. Amen.

Wednesday, July 4

READ PSALM 37:5, 6

IS OUR FAITH in God corrupted? Are we loathe to see that in Christ we have a new kind of victory for life's little day, that "out of loss comes healing, out of sacrifice comes redemption, out of the love that dares to die comes the saving life?"

We leave behind us, Lord, the vain boastings of yesterday, for as we come nigh Thee we realize that beside Thee we are as nothing and without Thee we are undone. Amen.

Thursday, July 5

READ PSALM 37:7

THIS is the fifth day and the seventh verse. Start from the beginning each day and see how perfectly you can do your memory work. It's not hard, if you keep trying, and you'll never regret the effort. The psalmist was the last person interested in scaring anybody into the kingdom of God. It was not the psalmist but the prophet who said, "Prepare to meet thy God."

Bless Thou our land, O Christ, that in this time when our thoughts of the future are mingled with memories of the past we may rise to new heights of courage and trust. Amen.

Friday, July 6

READ PSALM 37:8, 9

IN A. J. CRONIN'S "The Citadel," Dr. Andrew Manson, once inspired by unsordid ideals, loses his head in the worship of mammon. His wife, Chris, tries to bring him to his senses, saying, "Don't you remember how you used to speak of life, that it was an attack on the unknown, an assault uphill — as though you had to take some castle

that you knew was there, but couldn't see, on top?" Andrew shrugs his shoulders and replies, "Oh, I was young then—and foolish. That was just romantic talk." And yet, neither he nor we can veto the victory which Jesus gives to those who are faithful to the highest.

We bow in contrition before Thee. Strengthen and deliver us from evil. Amen.

Saturday, July 7

READ PSALM 37:10, 11

CONTINUING the story of Dr. Manson's tragic effort to dispense with God and ignore the high things of the soul, we come quickly to the place where sudden death takes his wife from him. Then it is that Andrew finds out that riches and privileges, houses and lands cannot assuage the sorrow and loneliness of his heart. And scarcely knowing how, he finds himself turning in submission to God and discovering anew the victory of faith in Christ.

O Lord, with contrite spirit and penitent heart we fall down before Thee and seek Thy mercy. Amen.

Sunday, July 8

READ PSALM 37:12, 13

IT IS SAID when Martin Niemöller was arrested by the Nazis and sent to a concentration camp, his aged father who was also a minister emerged from retirement and began to preach. His most famous sermon was on the theme, "It depends upon the end." In that sermon he told the story of Napoleon's mother who said to her emperor son, "Son, you think you are Napoleon, the world conqueror. But you have an anxious mother who asks you where you will end up, and what your outcome will be?" Could it be that she was thinking of these verses from Psalm 37?

Lord Jesus, grant that we may be restored in spirit and truth to complete harmony with Thy holy will.

Monday, July 9

READ PSALM 37:14, 15

WHEN YOUR FOES rise up against you, then it is time to remember that

CHRISTIAN HERALD

God is roundabout you. So speaks a prisoner in a Nazi concentration camp in 1940: "The daily work in narrow space is bound / Which each moment brings within our prison yard, / As one by one we circle the guard / But skyward ever hearts and eyes we lift, / That wander far into God's realm of light, / That rise untrammelled as the bird so swift, / That bear to God our praises and our trust.

O Father, we desire to worship Thee because Thou art holy, just, and good. Speak, and our souls shall live.

Tuesday, July 10

READ PSALM 37:16, 17

THE PSALMIST seems to agree with the poet's viewpoint: "It is bad to have an empty purse, but an empty head is a whole lot worse." And yet, though our head be stuffed with knowledge we have not learned anything until we stand humbled in the presence of the Father of lights from which cometh every good and perfect gift, and dedicate ourselves to the unfinished works of God.

Teach us, O Father, to live more conscious of the presence of Jesus, Thy Son, within our hearts. Amen.

Wednesday, July 11

READ PSALM 37:18, 19

IN THE DAYS when General McClellan had what President Lincoln called "the slows," a visitor asked the President what number of men he supposed "the rebels" had in the field. Lincoln replied in all seriousness, "1,200,000 according to the best authority." When his visitor turned pale, the President went on: "You see, all our generals, when they get whipped, say the enemy outnumber them from three, to five to one, and I must believe them. We have 400,000 men in the field, and three times four makes twelve." Equally tragic it is for us to disbelieve in the resources of the Everlasting Arms!

Save us, O Lord, from contemptible compromise with evil, and gird us with the power of Thy might.

Thursday, July 12

READ PSALM 37:20

HOW SHORT-SIGHTED any man is when he presumes he can sidestep or outwit the Eternal God! Long ago the prophet Samuel learned this truth. The elders of Israel scorned him in his old age and demanded a king to rule over them. Troubled in spirit, Samuel prayed to the Lord. And the Lord said unto Samuel, "Hearken unto the voice of the people . . . for they have not rejected



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thee: but they have rejected me." This was Israel's great mistake, to bypass the judgments of the Lord.

Lift us up, O Lord our God, and deliver us from the pit of disobedience, disloyalty, and despair. Amen.

Friday, July 13

READ PSALM 37:21, 22

SOME TIME AGO it was told how a factory chaplain in England addressed a large crowd of workers in their canteen, and afterwards invited questions. Whereupon a man stood up and bluntly said, "We don't want religion. We have everything we want. We have plenty of money; the firm provides recreation; food is put before us, and we don't even have to clear away or wash up the dishes. What need have we got of religion?" The speaker's reply was to point to a poster prominently displayed in the canteen, reading, "Twelve hundred knives and forks have been stolen from this canteen during the past month. In the future those using the canteen must bring their own cutlery." Was there ever a more convincing argument for religion?

Send forth Thy light, O Christ, that in Thy light we may walk without stumbling and go forth today with power and inner peace. Amen.

Saturday, July 14

READ PSALM 37:23, 24

REMEMBER the story of Jean de Brèbeuf, for twenty-four years a Jesuit missionary among the Indians of New France? Though a man of culture and refinement, he lived in the wigwams of the Indians, sharing their wretched food, suffering all the hardships of the unredeemed redmen. Often tempted to return to France and the comforts of civilization, he found strength in Christ's words: "He that shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's shall find it."

Give us courage, O Father, in our struggle with pride, self-will, envy, revilings, debauchery, blasphemy, and untruth. Amen.

Sunday, July 15

READ PSALM 37:25

TODAY BEGINS the third week, and if you have been diligent in your memory work you can rejoice, for the halfway mark was passed two days ago. Even though the memorization goes hard, or does not appeal, take time to read this great psalm from the beginning.

Lord Jesus, hear our prayer for the afflicted, for those on beds of pain, for those in difficulty and sorrow. Amen.

Monday, July 16

READ PSALM 37:26

JAMES BRYANT CONANT, president of Harvard University, illuminates this verse from the psalm by condemning "the recluse who has almost ceased to be a man, and whose labors in the library or the laboratory differ from stamp collecting only by the courtesy of a name. Personally, I like the word *relevance* . . . To my mind a scholar's activities should have relevance to the immediate future of our civilization."

Forgive us, Lord, in our failure to measure up to Thy golden precepts and the generous terms of Thy covenant. Amen.

Tuesday, July 17

READ PSALM 37:27

THE PATHETIC IMPOTENCE of many people was unwittingly revealed by one of Britain's prime ministers some years ago. In conversation with Joseph Fort Newton he confessed to a baffling religious perplexity. The twinkle in his eye led Dr. Newton to suspect a booby-trap. In his church, the prime minister explained, there were two parties divided on a certain issue. One party said they were baptized in the name of Christ, the other that they were baptized into the name of Christ. "Can the issue be very important?" interposed Dr. Newton. "Extremely important, and I belong to one party. In fact, I am ready to fight for it." "Which party do you belong to?" "That's the trouble," replied the prime minister. "I can never remember which side I'm on!"

Begin Thy reign, Lord Jesus, and establish Thy truth and righteousness in our hearts, we pray. Amen.

Wednesday, July 18

READ PSALM 37:28

FRANCIS BACON once said, "Nature to be mastered must be obeyed." We have demonstrated this truth in every invention that has brought release from drudgery and convenience for living. Perhaps the greatest demonstration is the atomic bomb in which the basic nuclear energy of the universe is unharnessed step by step and at a precise moment of our choosing let loose with catastrophic fury. But we shall miss the great issue if we do not realize that *nature* as Francis Bacon speaks of it, must include *human nature* as well. According to the psalmist, God's purpose is to save those who seek Him with a whole heart.

Unto Thee, O Lord, who art our light and salvation we come. Receive

us into Thy presence and cleanse us from all sin. Amen.

Thursday, July 19

READ PSALM 37:29

BY WAY OF EXAMPLE, what is more thrilling than the faith of William Allen White? Editing his *Emporia Gazette* along the lines of speaking the truth even though it hurt, he soon found himself in trouble. His now famous and fearless attacks on state government graft and inefficiency produced immediately fierce opposition of politicians. Denunciations were piled unmercifully upon his head, plus cancellations of subscriptions and advertising. At first William Allen White was stunned, then discouraged. And then, among the incoming telegrams there appeared messages of acclaim and praise. Nothing more was needed.

Forgive us, O Father, and deliver us from weakness and fear, that we may walk uprightly all our days.

Friday, July 20

READ PSALM 37:30

RALPH VINSON tells the incident of a non-believing white explorer in Africa not long ago. He was being shown a copy of a Bible by a native who was thus demonstrating how advanced his tribe was. "We've outgrown that sort of thing," said the white man with evident scorn. The native replied, "It's a good thing we've not outgrown it; otherwise you would have been a meal as soon as we saw you."

Take my voice, and let me sing, always, only for my King. Take my lips, and let them be filled with messages from Thee. Amen.

Saturday, July 21

READ PSALM 37:31

THERE IS no greater validation than that which undergirds the promises of God regarding His children. I am as enthusiastic about it as the doctor in answering his patient concerning the chances of recovery. "One hundred percent," the doctor said. "Medical records show that nine out of every ten die of the disease you have contracted. Yours is the tenth case I've treated. The others all died. You're bound to get well. Statistics are statistics." This much is certain: if we are faithful, God is faithful.

Give us this day, O Father, a fresh awareness of Thy nearness. Amen.

Sunday, July 22

READ PSALM 37:32

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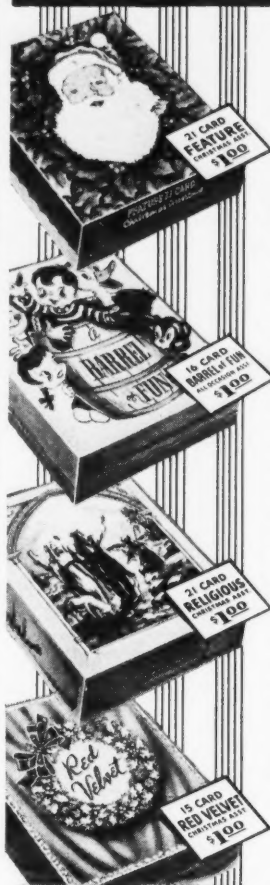
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modern life, when we feel ourselves pushed around, victims of unfair practices, individually and collectively penalized for our Christian ideals and standards, when we ask in bitterness and desperation, "Why? Why do the wicked prosper and the righteous suffer?" then we are forgetting God and His way of dealing with us and all men. We forget we were born in the divine image.

Help us to know, O God, that Thou only art the Lord and that there is none beside Thee. Draw near to us and help us. Amen.

Monday, July 23

READ PSALM 37:33

I MAKE NO PRETENTION of knowing what your highest hopes are with regard to life. That you have hopes, even amidst overwhelming odds, I am confident. The Christian hopes against hope because he knows God has caused hope to spring eternal in his heart as a means of assurance that this world is not his resting-place, and that he seeks his place in heaven.

Heavenly Father, teach us to rely on Thee, to yield our wills to Thy will, and to know Thee as Thou art.

Tuesday, July 24

READ PSALM 37:34

IT IS SAID that in the dark days following the memorable July Fourth in 1776 when the Constitutional Convention was in session, more than once the meeting was at the point of breaking up in failure. At last, when the members were signing that immortal document, Benjamin Franklin looked toward the President's chair, at the back of which was painted a flaming sun, and said, "I have often and often, in the course of this session . . . looked at that sun behind the President, without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting; but now, at length, I have the happiness to know that it is a rising, and not a setting sun." If we in our time only can have patience and faith to wait on God!

Bless Thou, O Lord, each one of us and enable us as good workmen in Thy vineyard to be faithful and true. Amen.

Wednesday, July 25

READ PSALM 37:35

EMIL CAMMAERTS in "The Flower of Grass" speaks with insight when he says, "The tragedy of modern times is the tragedy of a man who denies the existence of the stars because he is shortsighted, or more exactly of a man who abdicates the

freedom of comprehending God because he insists on preserving the freedom of comprehending the universe according to his limited power, without divine help."

Grant us patience to bear the brutal blows of sorrow and power to rise up under adversity, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

Thursday, July 26

READ PSALM 37:36

IT WAS Leslie Weatherhead who summed up the thought of the psalmist when he said, "You cannot build Christ's kingdom and leave Christ out." When will our generation learn this truth? Perhaps because we have been so loathe to learn it is the reason why Harold C. Urey, one of the scientists connected with the discovery of the atomic bomb, has said, "I am a frightened man. All the scientists I know are frightened for their lives and your life." Surely now we ought to know that God exercises the last word in the strife of truth with falsehood, and "the way of the ungodly shall perish."

We give thanks to Thee, Eternal Father, for revealing Thy judgments and making manifest Thy purpose.

Friday, July 27

READ PSALM 37:37

LET NO ONE despise a single one of God's children. It will be profitable to recall the incident when Julia Ward Howe, author of "The Battle Hymn of The Republic," invited Charles Sumner, brilliant Senator from Massachusetts, to meet some of her friends at dinner. He said he wasn't interested, and added, "Really, Julia, I have lost all my interest in individuals." Her quick answer was, "Why, Charles! God hasn't got as far as that yet."

O use me, Lord, use even me, just as Thou wilt, and when, and where.

Saturday, July 28

READ PSALM 37:38

DELMAR L. DYRESON tells how one day he watched a school program including a tuba solo by a high-school boy. All went well until a low note brought a few giggles from the juvenile audience, whereupon the boy was likewise seized with the same impulse. Despite his effort to restrain the impulse, his giggle finally burst forth with a loud but altogether unmusical sound from the tuba. The tittering and snickering in the audience at once exploded into hearty laughter. The boy, unable to laugh and blow at the same time, was compelled to take his seat. He could not

serve two masters. He succumbed just as we must when we try to serve God and mammon.

Give us the will, Lord Jesus, to dedicate our talents, that we may find favor in Thy sight. Amen.

Sunday, July 29

READ PSALM 37:1-38

"HO, EVERY ONE that thirsteth; come ye to the waters." Truly this call of the prophet applies to us on this Sabbath as we come near the end of another month and approach the conclusion of David's immortal 37th Psalm. Have you persisted in committing these remarkable verses to memory? Take time today to rehearse the great declarations of undaunted hope and invincible faith.

Grant us, O God, the power to serve Thee as we ought, and the grace to love Thee in our deeds as completely and unreservedly as in our creeds, through Jesus Christ.

Monday, July 30

READ PSALM 37:39

WHAT THE PSALMIST is saying is confirmed in the story of Gilbert Sonastine. He himself tells the essential details: The doctor speaking to his mother, "There is nothing more we can do for your son. Take him home, make him comfortable, and he may live a year or eighteen months." Then Gilbert adds that this conversation took place twenty-eight years before. "While I am very much alive, I cannot say I am physically whole." And yet, though confined to his bed he has been busy, writing two volumes of poetry, publishing stories and articles, and talking with many people about his saving faith in Christ.

Thou, Lord, who hast made the earth so fair, help us to work Thy works while it is day, to labor and faint not. Amen.

Tuesday, July 31

READ PSALM 37:40

TODAY'S VERSE brings us to the end of David's great psalm. I wonder how many of you have undertaken the challenge to commit this psalm to memory. It is not the longest, by any means, but the longest that I will suggest in these meditations for memory work. One thing I can vouch for, if you have mastered this psalm both in its memorization and its assurances, you will find your strength augmented in manifold degree in the hour of temptation and trial, for you have in your hand "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

Give to us, Lord Jesus, faith in Thy way, Thy truth, Thy life, for Thou alone art our hope and refuge.

JULY 1951



HAS REPEAL REDUCED CRIME?

"Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them!" (Isaiah 5:11)

"Crime

Will be Reduced"

—(Promise of Liquor Interests Before Repeal)

HAS repeal reduced crime? The intelligent person is well aware that countrywide crime has spiralled steadily upward since national repeal. Drink is a major factor in more than a third of all crime, and plays an important part in nearly every classification of crime.

Drunkenness has become the second leading cause for arrest in the country, exceeded only by arrests for violation of traffic and motor vehicle laws—and one-fifth of those arrested for drunkenness are under 25 years of age!

Meanwhile, according to the American Automobile Association, more than 10,000 filling stations are selling motorists alcoholic beverages along with their gasoline; while arrests for "driving while intoxicated," according to official Federal Bureau of Investigation reports from available urban centers, have increased from 65.7 per 100,000 population in 1932 to 153.5 per 100,000 in 1948—an increase of 133.4% during the sixteen years of repeal.

"A pedestrian or driver reported as having been drinking, is involved in one out of every four fatal auto accidents." Alcoholic beverages act on the brain to submerge caution and accentuate recklessness in the individual, not only on the highway, but in terms of morals and responsibilities.

"Alcohol is not properly described as a food. The molecule of alcohol is incapable of incorporation with any of the tissues of the human body for growth, development, repair or storage in the body. Furthermore, . . . its use as a source of energy is physiologically unsound and economically extravagant."

—Haven Emerson, M.D.



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CHRISTIAN BEHIND THE PLATE

(Continued from page 19)

many of his leisure hours in winter—when not working for a downtown jewelry store—refereeing basketball and volleyball games in the school gymnasium, playing ping pong and serving as unofficial director of various other athletic activities. And on Sunday nights during the winter he frequently serves as leader of the teenagers group.

"The backbone of any church," Del contends, "is its youth movement. Unless you are constantly bringing youngsters into the congregation, you are losing ground. I find them easy to talk to and easy to get along with. What's more, I enjoy working with them."

With a congregation numbering about 800, Marcus Lutheran is situated at 22nd and Angelica, in a solid but far from pretentious section of North St. Louis. However, eight blocks east is the periphery of an underprivileged area.

"Channeling the young people from this area into our church is a real challenge," the Rev. Ostruske confides, "yet our efforts in this direction are made easier by the example of Del Rice."

Of course, Del—an only child, who started playing catch with his dad at about age four—possesses very positive advantages in handling teenagers and youngsters. With 195 pounds of sinewy muscle draped over his six-foot-two-and-a-half-inch frame, even a tough kid would respect him. And in addition to the hero worship generated by his prowess as a major league ball player, the 28-year-old Rice also is well qualified to direct most any kind of athletics. A former professional basketball player with the Rochester, N. Y. club, he was an Ohio all-state basketball and football player.

Graduating from high school in June, 1941, Del's potential as a major leaguer was discovered, paradoxically, by the brother of another baseball man active in church work, Branch Rickey, now general manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates.

Branch Rickey's brother, Frank, also lived in Portsmouth while Del was growing up. And as understudy to catcher Frank Rickey, Jr., on the high-school baseball team, while the latter was a senior and Del a freshman, Del became a close friend of young Rickey and often played ball on a lot near the Rickey home.

"We broke so many windows in the Rickey home," Del reminisces, "that naturally I got acquainted with Frank's dad."

But apparently Frank Rickey, Sr., a scout for the Cardinals at the time, while brother, Branch, was general manager, looked upon the broken windows as a necessary evil. He scouted Del pretty thoroughly during his high-school baseball career, and when Del had completed requirements for his diploma at the end of the winter term in January, 1941, he persuaded Del to go south with the Columbus, Ohio, farm club.

However, since he still was considering the acceptance of a college athletic scholarship, Del did not sign a contract. Instead, he just worked out with the ball club, and later that spring reported to the parent St. Louis Cardinals as bullpen catcher.

When he got his high-school diploma in June, Del still was undecided about signing a professional contract. However, after Frank Rickey had inserted him in the lineup of the Cardinals' Class D farm club at Williamson, W. Va., several weeks later—in a game in which Del got four hits in four trips to the plate—he signed a contract.

The property of the Cardinals during all the intervening years, Del played at Williamson again in 1942 (he was rejected for service in the Armed Forces because of scar tissue on a lung), moved to the Rochester, N.Y., farm team in 1943 and went up to the Cardinals in 1945.

Last year his all-around value to the Cardinals far exceeded that of any previous season. Catching 137 games, Del batted only .245 for the season but was hitting at a .275 clip during the latter half of the campaign.

Much of the credit for Del's success, of course, should go to his wife. The former Mary Alice Ruel, also a native of Portsmouth, is a great advocate of training and proper diet. Preceding night games (when the Cardinals are home) she insists that Del take a nap during the early afternoon. And after working out with the neighborhood kids, Del has no trouble in catching a few winks.

Both Del and Mary Alice are thoroughly sold on baseball as a career. In Del's case, it is the means of building a nestegg with which he hopes to found his own business.

The Rices' principal objection to the game is that it keeps Del away from home at frequent intervals during the summer when the Cardinals are on the road, and also during the spring training period. Unlike many baseball families, the Rices have

(Continued on page 63)

A Bell for Bernie

Bells rang out in heaven that morning when the tough little kid from the slums pulled the rope

By DALE HAMILTON

THAT'S my place! That's where I sit!" Bernie shrielled, crowding onto the steps beside little Dave and elbowing him to one side.

"Take it easy," Counselor Ted told him. "Nobody pushes other people around at 'Mont Lawn.'" But little Dave was taking no chances. He moved safely to the other end of the steps of Tibbals Cottage, where the boys were waiting that Wednesday evening at CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home for chapel time.

Ted casually hitched up into place beside Bernie, and leaned back on his arm to watch the nine-year-old. He was supposed to know all the answers about kids, even the tough little punks. But he had run through his bag of tricks.

Bernie was sitting there quietly enough now, his head cupped in his hands, a little island of silence in the genial hubbub of boy-talk. The youngster had on that same green and yellow striped polo shirt he had been wearing when he came to camp Monday. It was too big for him and made the thin arms seem even smaller. A long rent in the back was held together with a safety pin—just as it had been Monday. Counselor Ted shook his head. Bernie, all around, was just as he had been when he came to "Mont Lawn"—fodder for a Kefauver Committee of the future, Ted thought. If there was some way to get to him—some way to get him untangled—

Bernie looked up suddenly. "You know what, Mr. Ted?"

"What?" Ted grunted.

"It don't smell up here like at home." Then Bernie added, "But I'm used to it here now."

Ted nodded dryly. "Sure, you can get used to it." He took a deep breath of the clean, invigorating country air and wondered how tangled a boy could get!

Little Bernie from the big city tenement turned and looked out over the

Hudson valley, just turning gold and pink in the sunset. There was nothing but trees, hundreds of acres of trees—and the distant silver of the river and the high, hazy plateau beyond. "Country people must be awful poor," Bernie with the pinned shirt muttered. "No skyscrapers or nuthin'."

Ted was silent that time. It was all in the way you looked at it. Bernie looked at everything from the wrong end.

"What're we waitin' for?" Bernie asked.

"Chapel. Wednesday nights and Sundays. We'll walk down in just a couple of minutes."

"I'll stay here," Bernie decided.

"Everybody goes," Mr. Ted told him.

And then it was that nine-year-old Bernie gave himself away.

The chapel bell rang out. *Bong—bong—bong*, it began its slow, even chiming.

At the first note, Bernie was on his feet, trembling with excitement. Ted, startled, looked up into the boy's face. It was turned toward the tower of Children's Temple, tensely, expectantly. But it wasn't a look of understanding, Ted decided. There was something lean and hungry, something hunted about the boy's expression.

"Break it up, Bernie," Ted told him. "It's time for us to be on our way."

"Can't we wait till the cops come?" Bernie said, taking a quick look around the porch as if he was sizing up the place for a hurried getaway.

"Cops? No cops are coming."

"Then firemen, maybe?"

Ted put his arm around the boy's shoulders. "Snap out of it, Bernie!"

"But somebody rang the bell!" Bernie looked up shyly into Ted's face and Ted's grip tightened on the boy's shoulders. Relaxing, Bernie said, slowly, "I like bells."

"Everybody likes bells," Ted told



ILLUSTRATOR:
AL MILLER

him, and they started walking down to Children's Temple.

"I pulled a fire box once," Bernie admitted. "You shoulda heard the bells when the trucks came! The cops came too," he recalled, his face darkening. "Cops make it bad for people."

They were going in the chapel now, and Ted pointed out the bell rope that hung still quivering.

"Does some old guy ring the bell?"

"No," Ted whispered. "The boys do it. I'll tell you later."

Then they were sitting down, the two of them together, and Bernie was quiet until Chaplain Bob mounted the steps and stood behind the pulpit.

"Who's he?" Bernie hissed. "The judge?"

The first song was being announced and Ted didn't answer. When Bernie blurted out, "Singing is sissy stuff," Ted tapped him firmly on the knee.

That first song was "Mont Lawn's" own. It was a cheery song that echoed the good wishes of friendly, concerned people all over America, who loved children and by their financial aid made "Mont Lawn" possible. "Over hill and valley ring the Mont Lawn bells," the lines began, and as the organist played the lilting tune, the chapelful of children sang along even before they were supposed to. By the time the chorus was sung for the second time, the voices of the children had swelled to a mighty shout:

"Mont Lawn bells, ring—oh, ring!
Join the chorus with the birds that sing;
Let your song sweetly tell
Of the joy that fills each chiming bell.
Winter's gloom now is past—
Summer time has come with joy at last!
Mont Lawn bells, ring your praise
On this happy day of days!"

Ted stole a look at Bernie. The boy was sitting with his mouth shut in a tight, deliberate line. When they came again to the words, "Winter's gloom now is past," Ted knew that for one little youngster it was not past. Bernie loved bells, but not the "Mont Lawn" kind, those that chimed of brother love, help and sharing.

On the way back to Tibbals, Bernie crowded up to Ted. "Mr. Ted, can I ring the bell next time? Can I?"

"Chaplain Bob is the one to say."

"Would you ask him for me?"

"Here's the way it is, Bernie. Ringing the chapel bell is a pretty important job. Not everyone can do it. You have to pull the rope just right—let it go and then pull down exactly at the right second."

"Oh, I could do that! You could show me!"

"That isn't all, Bernie. When you

ring the bell for chapel, that means you're letting the big bell call everyone to come and listen and sing. You didn't even sing tonight! Do you think it would be right if you rang the bell to bring other people to sing—when you won't do it yourself?" They were in the dormitory now, and Ted sat down on the edge of Bernie's bed. The boy's face was thoughtful as he pulled off the green and yellow striped polo shirt.

Here and there across the room, a pajamaed boy was getting down beside his bed and then climbing in under the covers. Bernie raced into his night clothes. "How about you, Bernie?" Ted asked, motioning toward the others. But Bernie jumped into his cot and turned his head away.

"**W**HAT about Bernie?" the nature counselor grimly asked Ted the next afternoon. "One of the boys found a bird's nest with two eggs and yelled for the others to come. Bernie looked—and smashed the eggs! One more stunt like that and I'm for sending Bernie home."

"He'll come around," Ted said wearily. "Give him a while."

Bernie got to him that evening. "One of the kids said that Mr. Jack wants to send me home and you stood up for me. Why'd you do that?" The nine-year-old looked up curiously.

Ted shrugged. This was not the time for dramatics, he decided.

Friday, Bernie was in trouble again. "Somebody stole my lucky stone," Tommy shrieked. "I found it on the hill and somebody stole it." He looked accusingly at Bernie. "You was here last, over by my bed. What did you do with it?"

Ted's eyes grew stern. He followed Bernie to the porch.

"I want to ask you something," he told the boy, "and I want you to answer straight—did you take it?"

Bernie squinted sullenly up into Ted's face. "No—but you won't believe me!"

Ted drew a long breath. Bernie was important—but so were the other boys in the cottage. . . .

He looked again at Bernie. "I believe you," he said finally, and the boy stared up in surprise.

That night when the counselors met, Ted said it again. "I believe him. Maybe I'm crazy, but—" The others frowned.

The next day Ted came past Tommy, who was jiggling a stone up and down in his hand.

"Find a new one?" Ted asked.

"Oh, no! This is my old lucky stone. It was on the windowsill in Craft House, right where I left it."

Ted breathed a sigh of relief. He

told the dormitory about it that evening. "It's serious, to accuse anyone of stealing," he said. At bedtime, Bernie hesitated just a moment. Then, as if thinking better of it, he jumped in under the covers.

Chapel on Sunday morning, and again Bernie listened to the bell, and looked longingly at the bell rope as they went in. Chaplain Bob told the story of the Man who did good for people even when they hurt Him.

"He must have been something like you," Bernie told Counselor Ted afterward, and Ted felt more unworthy than he had ever felt in his life. "You stuck up for me when no one else did."

And that night, Bernie called Ted over to the side of his bed, after he had donned his pajamas. "Mr. Ted—would you tell me how to thank. . . Him. . . for helping me out?" Big, husky Mr. Ted knelt beside thin little Bernie and together they prayed.

"What's happened to Bernie?" Mr. Jack asked the next afternoon. "He found a toad—and brought it in very carefully so that everyone could see it. Then he made us let it go again."

And Mr. Larry, the camping man, had another story. "Bernie was with us on our camp-out last night. He insisted on sleeping in a bag instead of in the tent. He said, 'Did you know there are stars up there, Mr. Larry?'"

Wednesday night at chapel, Bernie sang. With his whole heart, he sang! "Over hill and valley ring the Mont Lawn bells. . ." And Saturday, when Chaplain Bob asked Ted to name a bellringer for the Sunday service, Ted told him, "Bernie."

"I can hardly wait!" Bernie told Ted, by his bed on Saturday night, his grin as wide as a saucer. "But do you think I can do it? Get it right?"

"You can do it," Ted assured him.

And Sunday morning, Bernie was at Children's Temple long before time to ring the bell up in the tower—the bell given by someone who loved children, the bell inscribed, "*Feed my lambs.*" When Chaplain Bob came in, Bernie was grasping an imaginary bell rope, pulling carefully, letting go, pulling again—practicing. Bob looked at his watch and said, "Now!"

Bernie's face lighted. Hesitantly at first he grabbed the bell rope. A distant *bong* rang out. Mr. Ted heard the bell and hurried in—to stand, head bowed while a little boy from the slums looked up along the bell rope with eyes that shone.

Bernie pulled the rope again and again. And out over the mountain-side rang the clear note of the bell, calling children to come, to sing, to praise their Creator.

Bernie had made the grade.

She is not telling a story, She is drawing a circle



IT IS the circle where love begins. Try to imagine what it is like to be a child no one loves—really loves. Hundreds of the children who come to "Mont Lawn," Christian Herald Children's Home, do not have to imagine. They know. In the sweltering, crime-breeding city slums they understand what it is to be unloved. They know how it feels to have parents who are too despairing, too spiritually impoverished, too victimized by enslaving habits to give a little girl or a little boy even a small hug of affection.

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No, she is not telling a story. She is drawing a circle.

It is the circle where faith begins. Faith—as natural to you as breathing—is startlingly new to tense little children from the crowded city. They never had the chance to trust anyone. There were too many grownups waiting to take advantage of them—too many children who fought and cheated. Here at "Mont Lawn"—where they sleep in clean beds without fear, kissed by the clear mountain air and soft moonlight—here where they learn how to

work together and share their happiness—here where they see growing things, blue sky, distant hills, rich sunsets—here they draw a circle of faith. That circle, too, widens, spreads. Here at "Mont Lawn," by your generosity, your kindness, your compassion—the circle begins.

Think of their cheerless homes, their crushed hopes, their childish tears—and look again at Miss Jean and her girls. Aren't you glad to be alive in a world that needs you so much!

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By Amos John Traver

• Sunday, July 1st

THE WORTH OF THE INDIVIDUAL

MATTHEW 8:1-4; 18:1-6,
12-14; PSALM 8:5

HOW shocking the friendships of Jesus! Would we have shared the disgust of the Pharisees as they saw Jesus talking and even eating with tax collectors, Samaritans, poor peasants, and the irreligious? Why did He waste His time on such worthless trash? These self-righteous Jewish leaders were sure Jesus was no Messiah, not even a prophet, when He allowed a woman of ill-repute to wash His feet with her tears and wipe them dry with her long, flowing tresses.

It was almost as much a puzzle to Jesus' disciples. He spent so much precious time and energy on folks they would not expect Him to notice. Patiently Jesus tried to help them understand. His parables of the lost sheep, the lost coin and the lost son in Luke 15 were told to teach them the value of one soul. All men are by nature God's children. The logic of that is so plain, yet so difficult to accept. If it is so, each person, of whatever race or nation or class, even the smallest and most helpless babe, each person has infinite worth to God.

There is a more pressing reason for Christians to value the individual. Jesus loved each soul and loved to the measure of the cross. If there had been only one soul to save, Jesus would have thought that soul worth the cost of Calvary. We must come close to Him before we can share His standard of personal value. Our prejudices, our pride, our envy and hate blind us to the true worth of great segments of the human family. "God so loved America, God so loved my race, God so loved me and my family, that He gave His only begotten Son," Jesus did not say it that way. "God so loved the world."

How it would convert our whole social system if we really believed in Jesus! The welfare of a child would be worth more than all the money in the world. Business and industry would consider human welfare above profits. The state would base its policy not on national advantage but

on the welfare of the whole world. The only excuse for seeking power would be that it would increase power for good. The most deadly error of the totalitarians and Communists is that no one has any individual worth apart from his worth to the party or class. No wonder they always seek to destroy the Church of Christ!

God has established the rates by which we measure the value of the individual. He established them in particular when He gave the most precious gift of heaven, even His only begotten Son, for our redemption. If we accept His redemption we must accept His standard of worth and look upon our neighbors at home and around the world with His eyes of forgiving love.

Questions:

"Operation Killer" is the name given our strategy in Korea by the top brass of our armed forces. What do you think of this in the light of our lesson? Have we lost the ability to share the compassion of Jesus?

• Sunday, July 8th

CHRISTIAN LIVING IN THE FAMILY

II TIMOTHY 1:3-6; 3:14, 15;
EPHESIANS 5:22, 25; 6:1-4; 4:32

MY PARENTS lived happily together for over fifty years. I do not recall a single quarrel. They did not always agree but they resolved their differences in thoughtful consideration for each other. They delighted in doing things for each other. Many a gift was given that meant real sacrifice. The old suit or dress would be made to do for a while in order to provide a present for birthday or Christmas. They enjoyed doing things together. Most of all they delighted in doing things for me, their only child. Mother was father's girl before he went to college and seminary. She remained his best girl to the end.

My parents' home was church-centered, Christ-centered. Attendance at every service of the church, Sunday or week-day, was taken for granted. Each night there was family worship. Sunday afternoons my father always reserved for me, if at all possible. He was a Puritan as to Sunday sports,

but I will never forget the long walks we took through the woods on pleasant days. I learned so many things about the world and its Creator. On other days he found some time in his busy life to play with me. He taught me tennis and skating, rowing and fishing and loved to play baseball with us boys. He liked to win but would lean over backward to be honest and fair.

Music played its part in our home life. It was not all sacred music for we sang many a nonsensical college song together, the three of us. The songs I remember best were beloved hymns of the church. Mother played the piano and sang alto. Father sang the air lustily and I chimed in. The family life I have described seems old-fashioned to our generation. But the place of Christ and His church in that home can never go out of style.

In spite of all the social changes that menace home life we dare not yield the place of Christ in the center. Today homes easily degenerate into lodging places in which the family seldom gets together except to eat one meal a day. Father, mother, children all go their ways and live their lives. Recreation is found outside the family circle. Many families would be bored to death if they had to spend an evening together. They could not even agree on the radio or TV program. What a loss for both parents and children!

The need for Christ does not change. It is a basic need. We must find a way to make His presence felt in our homes. Children should hear their parents read the Bible and pray. Certainly no meal should be eaten in a Christian home without thanks to God. Christian books and magazines ought to be within reach of every easy chair. CHRISTIAN HERALD was always one of the weekly visitors in my parents' home. So were the magazines of our denomination. Conversation in the family should not neglect the doings of the church. Too often all that the children hear about the church and pastor is criticism. Bible story books for the children were a far cry from the beautifully printed and illustrated books we have today. But I learned my first Bible stories through them. With all the helps we have today, with a church program that realizes its responsibility to the home, we really have no excuse for allowing secularism to dominate our homes.

The influence of living like a Christian in the family is immeasurable. Patience with others, thoughtfulness for others, unselfish cooperation, Christian ambitions and purposes, these make a lasting imprint on the family. Discipline and obedience

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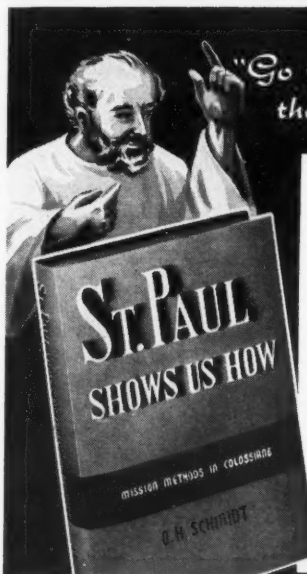
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with justice and mercy prepare children for living the Christian life in our secular world.

Paul understood all this. He knew that Timothy was not self-made. Grandmother and mother had played their part in training him to become the trusted young helper of Paul. It is to Christian homes that we must look today for most of the ministers, deaconesses, missionaries and Christian workers. Our Christ means little to any of us unless we find a central place for Him in family life.

Questions:

Why do some young folks feel that there is a barrier between them and their parents? How do parents take criticisms by their children? What can parents learn from their children? Can Christian democracy be practiced in the home? If so, how?

• Sunday, July 15th

HOMES THAT DO NOT FALL

MATTHEW 19:3-9; 1 CORINTHIANS 13:4-7

WE LIVE in a "split" world. Race, nationality, class, creed are stressed to the point where there are constant tensions. One of the crucial points at which these tensions are at work in our modern world is the family. In America this is our most menacing social problem.

Since 1870 our population has increased 300%, marriages 400% and divorces 2000%. Today over half a million homes are split by divorce each year. Add to this number all the loveless homes broken by separation and the result is appalling. No nation can climb higher than the level of its home life. The roots of other social problems are in the home. Child welfare, juvenile delinquency, teen-age crime and many other dangers to our democracy can be traced to unstable family life.

The cement with which to build better homes and a better world is Christian love. The ideal for a united family is one church for one home. Selfishness is the major cause of broken homes. Two people who are thinking first of their own desires can never cooperate. When each centers life in Christ, selfishness cannot reign. Drawing close to Christ, husband, wife and children draw close to each other.

What can the church do about the problem of the home? The foundation on which to build any program of home improvement is the love of Christ. The whole mission of the church is to evangelize. The worship and work of the church should make Jesus Christ vital in every heart. A worship in the church fails unless it

helps the worshiper realize the loving, forgiving, strengthening Presence. From the church the sense of His Presence should go with the people into their daily lives. He will be the unseen Guest in each home. Bickering, argument, bad temper, selfish greed, lack of consideration for others, these cannot live where Christ dwells.

THE CHURCH should train for marriage. Splendid units of study are used in many Sunday schools. Pastors conduct classes where the principles of Christian home life are studied. No longer will most pastors marry couples without previous conference and some insist that at least one of the two must be a member of his parish. The church will not continue to give its blessing to run-away marriages. Classes are organized in many churches where young married people can discuss their problems in the light of God's Word. Parental responsibility is discussed not only for the physical and mental growth of the children, but for their spiritual nurture. Arrangements are made for the care of children during church services so young parents can worship together. Parents' quarterlies are provided by many churches so that Sunday-school teachers and parents can be partners in Christian education. Any live church today will be alert to support the home life of the community.

We are told that one of the means by which the first-century church grew so rapidly in the Roman empire was the happy home life of the Christians. Missionaries from many lands have told of the impressive influence of Christian home life upon the heathen. It should be that here in our land where Christianity has been at work generation after generation, our home life would be a demonstration of Christian living.

Questions:

What is the influence of commercialized entertainment today? What can we do to counteract the publicity given marital troubles by prominent people—actors, politicians, successful industrialists and the like? Is family life a proper subject for "funny" stories?

• Sunday, July 22nd

LIVING TOGETHER IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

ROMANS 12:9-21; 13:8-10;
MATTHEW 25:40

CHRISTIANITY is a positive religion. To live at peace with your neighbors means more than the absence of strife. "I never wronged my neighbors; I paid my debts to the

The standards for Christian living are high, so high that they daunt us. As we go out into our neighborhood

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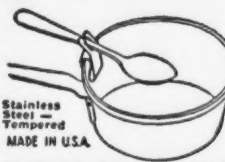
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to try to practice Christian love we are met by many discouragements. Some neighbors are so unlovely, so unresponsive to our proffer of friendship. Instead of thanks we often receive insults. Instead of cooperation, we often meet opposition. Then Jesus reminds us of a higher motive than neighborly love. If we cannot serve for the sake of our neighbors, we can serve for Jesus' sake. As Paul put it, "The love of Christ constrains." If we love Him enough, we will do our part in building a better, happier neighborhood no matter what it costs. The kind Christian deed becomes possible when we remember that He said, "You did it to me."

Questions:

What does Christian love demand when we consider our responsibility for our neighborhood schools, recreational facilities, health and welfare agencies, police and fire protection, community chest and the like? How do the members of your class measure up to the standard of interest in everything for the good of the community? What have they done to know and meet the needs of the neighborhood?

• Sunday, July 29th

CHRISTIAN SOCIAL LIFE

ROMANS 12:1, 2;
I CORINTHIANS 8:1-13; 3:16

A GOOD Christian is a good neighbor. He cannot live on an island of self-interest. He is not free to decide questions of conduct without reference to his influence on others. God will hold him responsible for his influence. The strong must consider his weak neighbors. Paul has given a clear example of the working out of this principle in our assigned Scripture.

In idol worship only a small part of the animal was actually burned in the sacrifices. The rest of the meat was the priests'. They could eat as much as they required, but there was always much more than enough. So the priests sold the meat in the marketplaces. Because it was of first quality, it brought a good price. It was a safe buy for the people. Converts to Christianity from among the Gentiles were used to buying this guaranteed meat.

As Christians they faced the question, should they continue to use this meat? Some argued that it was not wrong because idols were nothing. This meat was good and it was not easy to find safe meat in Oriental markets. They had declared their faith in the one true God. Why should they change their eating habits? Others were conscience-stricken at the thought of eating meat that had been offered as a sacrifice to

idols. It seemed inconsistent with a profession of Christianity.

Paul had the answer. He easily agreed with those who claimed that the meat was harmless in itself. These Christians knew better than to fear contamination. To them the gods of the heathen did not exist. Paul wrote, "Knowledge puffs up, but love builds up" (Revised Standard). There is something higher than knowledge and logic that guides a Christian. It is love. Paul advises his converts from heathenism to consider their influence on their neighbors.

The application of this principle to temperance is twofold. First, it answers the question of the man who can handle alcoholic drinks without harming himself. It is an open question whether there are any people who are immune to harmful effects, but certainly there are many who seem to be immune. Paul would say, "Look about you and see how many are destroyed by strong drink. Some of them may be led to indulge because you are known to indulge. How much better for you to deny yourself the liberty of drinking than to be in any way responsible for the fall of your weaker neighbor."

Second, the law of Christian love demands an application of this principle of social responsibility to all phases of conduct. Each one of us must face each decision as to right and wrong on the principle of love. That which is our right as free man may be wrong if it harms others. It is easy to alibi our self-indulgence by saying that people will drink anyway. Many engage in the liquor traffic on this pretense. They follow the social customs in their community. They do not realize that they cannot shift responsibility. They are making no protest by their example against the business or the custom.

When Christ fills our hearts there is constant alertness for our neighbor's good. What we can do safely must be modified by what our neighbors can do safely. With alcoholism proved to be one of our greatest social evils, there seems to be no excuse for any Christian to try to dodge responsibility for his influence. The influence of our example is an important part of our Christian stewardship.

Questions:

"Government by cocktail party" was the subject of a newspaper's columnist's comment recently. The columnist tried to be humorous but underneath was serious purpose. Social and political Washington is led to expect that liquor will be offered at every important gathering. Are government officials responsible for their influence? Is their conduct "nobody's business but their own"? Discuss.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

Edited by
**BETTY JUNG
FITZSIMMONS**



THE FIRST GREAT AMERICAN

IT WAS a bitterly cold New England night. A blinding snow storm was raging. Hardly a time to start out on a journey, especially on foot. But Roger Williams did not have time to think of weather. He was running away. He had very little time to make his escape.

The governor had issued an order that Williams be arrested, put on a boat and sent back to England. That was the last place he wanted to go. For he had left England for the very reason he was being persecuted in the New World.

So he set out at midnight, into the white wilderness of early New England. (This story, you see, takes place back in 1636.) For fourteen weeks, he wandered through the deep snow, over ground where no white man had ever been. Without food, or protection from the weather, without bow or arrow, hatchet or gun. To keep himself alive he ate roots, nuts, acorns, as he found them under the snow.

He was saved by Massasoit and Canonius, two Narraganset (Indian) chiefs. Feeling sorry for the way his own people had treated him, they took Williams in and showed him every kindness.

But why did Roger Williams have to flee?

As a boy and young man in England, he saw people whipped and imprisoned because they did not believe all that the church taught. He felt that everyone had a right to worship as he pleased. He felt, too, that the government ought not to interfere with church affairs.

A church in Boston had asked him to be its minister. But he was disappointed with what he found in Boston among the Puritans. While they had fled to America so that they could worship God as they chose, they denied that privilege to others. So everyone who settled there had to believe and act as the Puritans did or they

were persecuted. The city officials had the power to punish anyone who thought or acted differently. They also held the right to punish anyone who broke any of the Ten Commandments.

Now Roger Williams believed and preached that in keeping or breaking the first four commandments, a man was directly responsible to God, and He would judge him. However, the last six commandments were concerned with man's actions toward his fellow man, therefore the government could punish for the breaking of these laws. He said again and again that all religious matters should be taken out of the hands of the city officials and that everyone should be allowed to worship as his conscience directed him.

For this he was driven from his home. But through a friend he got a charter from the king of England for a small tract of land. This, he called Providence, and it is known to us today as Rhode Island. There Roger Williams settled. His wife and children joined him. So did all those who didn't believe as did the Puritans and Pilgrims. Williams set up a form of government which was the first in America to permit true religious liberty.

One hundred and thirty years later the spirit of Roger Williams lived on in the minds and hearts of two very important men, Thomas Jefferson and James Madison. They had studied Williams' ideas, agreed with him, and put them into action. They influenced the two greatest American documents, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.

In the Hall of Fame in the capitol at Washington, D. C. there is a statue of this great American, Roger Williams. In his hand he holds a Bible upon which men have carved the words "The Apostle of Soul Liberty."

My Favorite PRAYER



Dear Father, I love You; forgive me tonight
If I have done anything wrong in Your sight.
Bless Mother and Daddy and everyone, then
Help us to be happy, for Christ's sake, Amen.

This prayer was enclosed with the following letter:

Dear Editor:

My sister, Mary Louise, and I are sending a prayer for the Children's Page. It was written for us by our grandmother, Mrs. Nina Baker. We would like to share it with other boys and girls. Mary Louise is 5 and I'm 10.

Billy Arnold
Muskegon, Michigan

Help me to please Thee, Lord, today
In all I do and all I say,
So when I go to sleep tonight
I'll know that I have walked aright
And shone for Thee from morn to night.
In Jesus' name. Amen.

—Susan Friedmann, age 9
Noosack, Washington

What Do YOU Think?

I Want To Be a Missionary

A missionary I want to be,
To cross the far and distant sea
To help the poor people the way of God
to see
So their hearts pure and wholesome may be.

To find all the dear children a home,
So never more will they be alone.
Dear God, I will worship and pray to Thee
So a missionary I may be.

—Elizabeth Armenia Flabbi, age 16
Newark, Delaware



For Shopping...Gifts...other Needs

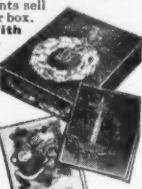
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FLIGHT INTO FREEDOM

(Continued from page 14)

them." Then he informed me that at midnight a guard would pass through the hallway and mark the doors of the cells which contained those selected for transportation.

The news was frightening. Egon's assurance that my offense against the state was too unimportant to make me a subject for transportation was not convincing. Soon we became silent, pretending to be asleep. But I knew that Egon was listening, too. At last approaching footsteps could be heard. Now and then the footsteps stopped in front of a cell door. Instinctively my hands folded as if the gesture of prayer in itself offered comfort. Suddenly I was in need of God, in need of the power behind the obvious. I never had been the praying kind, but I prayed then. *Don't let it happen, God! Don't let me be sent away!*

The guard turned into the wing of the hallway in which our cell was located. Would he pass our door? I listened feverishly. He had just about reached my door when, unexpectedly, he was called off duty by another guard, and he walked away. The state of relief into which I was thrown was tremendous. With two jumps I was beside Egon's bunk, shaking him, whispering: "He's left! He's gone, Egon! They won't take us away!"

Ten minutes later a guard stopped outside my door. The chalk upon the door made a scratchy sound. . . .

SHORTLY before dawn a flash-light's beam was hurled into my face and a voice commanded me to get up. I was led into a large room where I had to change from my prison clothing into my civilian suit. They gave me papers to sign, the contents of which they allowed me no time to read. In my state of exhaustion and fear I would have signed anything. Presumably I had to certify that I was treated satisfactorily or, more likely, that I never would recount to anyone what had happened to me. Without the usual bread and watery coffee for breakfast, we prisoners were shoved into covered trucks in which rows of benches had been placed. Speaking was again forbidden. Military guards watched us closely. Then the big iron gates were pulled open and the trucks started rolling out of the courtyard.

From the interior of the truck I got glimpses of fields and trees. Nature has always been a great comforter to me in times of stress. Upon the light-blue morning sky sailed flocks of clouds. It was good to know that na-

ture was still there, still at work weaving beauty, and that, in the last analysis, the inhumanities encountered in this world are fleeting occurrences.

WE arrived about noon at the fort of Lichtenburg. A commander informed us that if we made any attempt to escape we would be shot immediately. No food greeted us here, either. Instead, another change into prison clothes and military exercises in the courtyard.

In one wing of the fort was a hall in which 130 prisoners, including myself, had bunks. The entire sleeping space was surrounded by thick iron bars which reached to the ceiling. The lights burned all night, and military patrols supervised our exhausted sleep.

When they shaved my head and I saw the bundles of hair falling to the floor, I could not help crying. But, fortunately, my soul had gone underground on more than one occasion. I avoided thinking. I was afraid that something would happen to me if I thought about my present situation and what appeared to be a bleak future. I did not see a way out. My mother would be terribly worried, of that I was certain. But how could she find me? I had no means of communicating with her.

The days came and went. Weeks passed. It was difficult to keep track of time. Then one afternoon officials in civilian clothes arrived in a limousine. We were all ordered into the courtyard for inspection. As we lined up, one of the officials glanced through a bundle of papers. He called the name of a prisoner and ordered him to step forward. Then he called my name. I wondered what would be in store for me. Were trials coming up? Would I be further mistreated?

We were ordered back into our civilian clothes. A half hour later we sat in the shining black limousine, headed for Berlin. One of the officials turned to us: "You'll be released tomorrow."

Egon had told me of cases in which prisoners were released only to be re-arrested a block away from prison. And when I was not set free the following day, but instead put into prison clothes anew, all my hopes collapsed. I screamed violently, desperately, not caring any more if they used the hose on me. I remember the face of the officer who shouted at me, commanding me to keep quiet. He did not use force, and I stopped screaming, but I was badly shaken.

Then the day came on which I

could walk through the gate to freedom. The delay in my release had been caused by the lack of a signature upon the release blank and the red-tape took eight more days. But strangely, I did not radiate happiness. Something deep inside me had received a blow from which I had not yet recovered. Yes, I was glad to be free again, but that was all. I had altered immeasurably in a short time.

Without the intense attempts made by my mother to locate me and to obtain my freedom, I would not be able to tell my story today.

After my disappearance the head of the Jewish family with whom I had been living wrote my mother, who lived in Southern Germany, that he feared I had fallen into the hands of the Secret State Police. My mother immediately boarded the next train and traveled through the night to Berlin, where he met her at the station platform. She had never known race prejudice and in this hour the middle-aged Jew was a God-sent person, a wellspring of comfort. He accompanied my mother to the headquarters of the Gestapo in the Wilhelmstrasse, waiting for her at the street corner, for certainly his presence would have complicated matters. My mother was sent from office to office till she found the official who controlled the records of the prisoners. He wore the black uniform of the S.S. Elite guard. He informed my mother: "We are going to make a German out of him." Out of me? Hadn't I always loved my country? My mother pleaded for my release, using all the tactics of a woman—charm, tears, begging smiles. Women can be wonderful when fighting for a cause, especially if that cause is close to their hearts. Though the S.S. official seemed unmoved and my mother left the building with the feeling of having failed, thanks to her, my case came under consideration which resulted in my freedom.

EVEN before my arrest, we had tried to convince my relatives in New York that it would be best for me to come to America. They were more than reluctant, replying to all our pleas that I just wouldn't fit into the new country. But my mother was persistent. A year after my arrest passage was secured for me on the liner *Bremen* and I turned my back on Nazi Germany.

I remember the moment when the train started rolling out of the station of my home town in Southern Germany, when the distance between my mother and me grew with each turn of the wheels. I saw her left behind, a lonely figure on the station

platform. Suddenly a wild pain rose within me and sobbingly I leaned against the wall, I had no way of knowing then that I would see her again a year later, that she would get her chance to cross the ocean in a last attempt to find happiness.

As New York's skyline appeared on the horizon, I knew that in spite of all difficulties I would have to face, I would never be sorry for having left Nazi Germany.

IT is not by accident that America is called "the country of unlimited possibilities." Who knows it better than I? In the summer of 1944 I was washing dishes in a Los Angeles drugstore and before autumn I had started to play the "heavy" lead with Paul Muni in the motion picture "Counterattack," making \$500 a week for two months. It's true, the assignment did not fall into my lap—I went out and fought for it—but still, there was no barrier to handicap me. Thereafter I played in a succession of pictures; I was a German spy in "The House on 92nd Street," and I was with the Marx Brothers in "A Night in Casablanca."

I have had good times and bad times, but even when misfortune befell me, I was always glad to be in the U. S. My letters go uncensored, and when I want to change my profession, I face no government restriction in doing so. I do not have to say "Heil Truman!" when I walk into an editor's office, nor am I put behind bars for making friends with a Negro or a Jew.

To the complaint of many Americans today that they are losing their cherished freedom little by little, one can only reply with the reminder that times are not normal; that political issues force the nation to employ attitudes which only appear, at first glance, contrary to democratic principles; that the nation is in a state of emergency and that the good democratic way of life can be restored only when the critical phases are overcome.

Phases of strain and stress occur in every nation—and the country of the star-spangled banner is young, with its glorious history still ahead. The meaning of freedom will be restored if the American people do not lose sight of it in their hearts.

From any height reached one can fall again. Successes may be temporary. But my wings are still unbroken—a little tired perhaps, but still there. Who knows? Someday I might fly again. After all, it's America we're living in, an unpredictable, fantastic, wonderful country in which *anything* can happen to *anyone*. **THE END**

**Please—
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HEAR AGAIN**

**And my
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prayer was
answered
the very
next day!**



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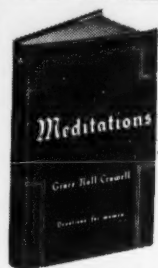
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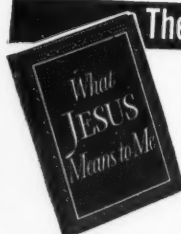
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THE New Books

by **DANIEL A. POLING**

THE LONGEST WAY ROUND, by Marguerite Mooers Marshall (Macrae Smith, 254 pp., \$2.50).

Classify this as a young-love novel, but with vivid and dynamic ideas that will both inform and inspire young men and women. There is a touch of mystery in this story, heavy splashes of romance, and dramatic pictures fill out a broad canvas that has depth. When Marie-Louise Martin reaches her twenty-first birthday she is given a package left by her late grandmother. The package contains a letter from her mother who had died when Marie was young, and a painting of her father, whom she has never met. The letter divulges all the mysteries about her father and gives his address in Quebec. So Marie sets out to meet him after establishing her identity by mail. Delightful reading for a vacation period, "The Longest Way Round" is worth sitting up with anytime, anywhere.

WORLD SO WIDE, by Sinclair Lewis (Random House, 250 pp., \$3).

The last novel, the final work, of America's first Nobel Prize winner in literature, is definitely better than his last few books but considerably less than his greatest. It does have less of the high cynicism and low morals that are so dominant in Lewis' earlier best-sellers. Here is a worthy farewell to greatness.

ARNOLD'S 1951 COMMENTARY, by B. L. Olmstead (Light and Life Press, 286 pp., \$1.75).

This practical, thoroughly evangelical commentary on the International Sunday School Lessons for 1951 is complete, rewarding for both teacher and pupil, and charged with evangelistic fervor. There are ample explanatory notes, a comprehensive discussion of each lesson with two special articles on each lesson, and there is, of course, much more.

STRAIT AND NARROW, by Geoffrey Cotterell (Lippincott, 384 pp., \$3.50).

Here is an author enthusiastically acclaimed by both British and American critics, who has written another highly readable story. The plot, though not original, is dealt with in a highly original manner. The central figure is a young lawyer loved by three women who, as

he walks off the scene, is neither sure of himself nor of love. He is a picture of futility. Those who loved best suffered most and lost all. Here is fine writing with the assurance of greater maturity. Not for Sunday-school libraries.

FARMING AND GARDENING IN THE BIBLE, by Alastair I. MacKay (Rodale Press, 280 pp., \$3).

The most unique book that has appeared in its really unique field. The title is fully descriptive, but the incidents with their scriptural background and authority make unexpectedly absorbing reading. Nearly three hundred pages of top-side education, entertainment, inspiration and even amusement.

THE FOUNDLING, by Francis Cardinal Spellman (Scribners, 304 pp., \$2.75).

A clean, vivid and profoundly religious first novel from the pen of the distinguished Roman Catholic prelate, Francis Cardinal Spellman. This story will not lift the cardinal to a place among great novelists, but it will not degrade youth and life as the current first best-seller does. It is, of course, pointed at Roman Catholicism and is a Roman Catholic story, but Americans of all faiths will find it good reading. It is to be regretted that Roman Catholics do not read Protestant stories of this character as generously as Protestants read Roman Catholic stories.

LUCKY THE FAMOUS FOUNDLING, photographs by Nina Leen, text by Ray Mackland (A. A. Wyn, Inc., 93 pp., \$2).

The Cinderella story of the motherless puppy, skyrocketed to fame by *Life* magazine, has been made into a book filled with poignant illustrations. Recently I was asked whether I believed that animals go to heaven. My answer was "unconditionally yes." I have no reasons, brother—I just believe. And Lucky helped confirm my faith. He was a pest, an unmitigated nuisance, entirely worthless but indescribably lovable. However, that word "indescribable" is compromised seriously by these pictures.

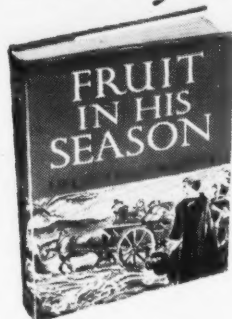
NEITHER FIVE NOR THREE, by Helen MacInnes (Harcourt, Brace, 340 pp., \$3).

A novel of intrigue, espionage and emotional violence. One of the most efficient foreign agents in America is also a mild-mannered free-lance writer. There is a conflict in the love pattern that is not resolved until the final pages.

GRAPES OF CANAAN, by Albertine Loomis (Dodd, Mead, 334 pp., \$4).

A beautifully written historical and autobiographical record of earliest missionary achievements in the Hawaiian Islands. The author has gone to the diaries of her own people for the first-hand material that gives this book an absorbing interest for all Americans who would know our exotic Pacific frontier.

Family Bookshelf Selection!



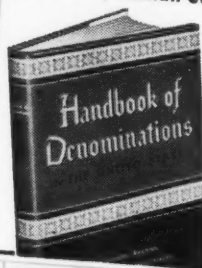
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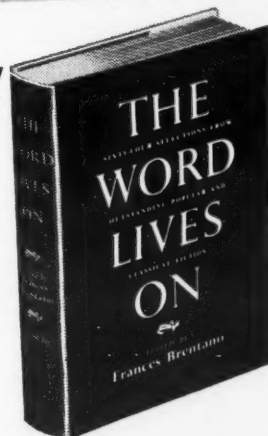
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WAY TO A WOMAN'S HEART

(Continued from page 15)

canning," Marion said before Nola had time to speak.

"We don't bother much with canning here," a harsh voice spoke to her, and Marion saw a tall slender woman with hard grey eyes and a tight knot of hair on top of her head get up from the cane-bottom chair.

"This is Mrs. Kennedy, Ma," Nola said haltingly. "She—that is, I told her—she's going to look at Mike's foot. I don't believe it's doing so well."

"You're as stubborn as a mule, Nola," Ma Howard snapped. "I told you Mike's foot is doing all right. When a piece of fat meat won't draw poison out of a place nothing will."

"Ma's right," Epp was speaking. "She's doctored enough kids—she ought to know. Nola, I can't see what makes you get so many newfangled ideas in your head."

"We don't care to have folks meddling in our business around here." Ma was speaking again and her eyes were still looking straight at Marion.

Marion's eyes did not waver. She could think of many things to say but hastily spoken words would not help.

"I better get out to the field," Epp broke the silence. "Looks like it's going to be a good day." He turned and walked out. Still the silence stayed on. Marion glanced at Nola and she could see the tears behind the surface of her eyes.

What must I say next? The thought had no more than formed in her mind when Marion heard Epp's voice.

"Ma, them pigs of yours are in the pea patch again. I'm liable to kill them things before time if they don't stay out of there!"

Ma grabbed a bonnet from a nail on the wall and with long purposeful steps hurried out the door. Marion turned to the two-year-old child. "Let's have a look at his foot."

Nola hesitated. "I guess she can't do more than be mad about it."

"Do you have warm water?"

"Plenty in the teakettle." Nola hurried to the kitchen.

QUICKLY the two of them worked. Marion saw that although Mike's foot was slightly swollen it did not seem to be in a serious condition. They were through and had everything put away only a few seconds before Ma came back into the room.

Marion went to the door. "I hope his foot soon will be all right."

"Don't worry yourself," Ma snapped. "I'm taking care of it."

"I'd like to hear in the morning," Marion looked straight at Nola and saw her nod, then said, "Good-bye," and went out the door.

At noon Mack laughed when Marion told him about her experience. "So," he said, "you had to be the good neighbor and get your face slapped. I told you, darling, that those folks over there don't want your interest. They've been without ambition for generations and they don't want to be exposed to it now."

"Nobody is like that, Mack. If they ever started improving themselves nobody could stop them."

"I'm thinking it would be much easier to stop them than to start them," Mack said, "and I don't want you getting upset over their problems. After all, if you want to be somebody's manager I'd love having you for mine." He got up from the table, kissed her and left.

MARION sat at the table for a long time. During her six years as a home-economics teacher many students and mothers had brought their problems to her. In various ways she had helped smooth out many difficulties. But in the three months since her marriage nobody had come to her for help.

She picked up the paper Mack had left on the table. There was no news of startling interest. Mayville would have a county fair late in September, with prizes offered for home-canned food and other exhibits. The program for building a new county road was being considered.

She spent the afternoon sewing but the Howards occupied a place in her mind as she cut and stitched.

The next morning Nola did not come. Each time that Marion heard a sound she would look out, only to be disappointed. Perhaps Mike's foot was worse and Nola could not leave him. Maybe Ma Howard had discovered that they had changed her meat poultice and had forbid Nola's seeing Marion again.

At two o'clock she decided to wait no longer. She went to the pantry for a box of cookies, then to the front yard where she cut a bunch of lilacs.

Nola's eyes lighted up when she saw Marion in the door. Mike was in the middle of the floor.

"I'm glad you decided to come over," Nola said. "I aimed to get word to you this morning that Mike's foot is better, but Ma went off real early to spend the day with her cousin and I couldn't leave Mike."

A sigh of relief escaped Marion. "I brought you some cookies." She held out the box to Mike and he took it in his chubby hands. "These flowers are for you," she said to Nola.

Nola hesitated. "I don't know exactly what we can put them in."

"Oh, a glass, a bottle or most anything will do." Marion hadn't considered that they might not have a container of any kind.

Marion took the bandage from Mike's foot. There was no doubt that it was better. She bathed it again, put on more iodine and a clean bandage. Then over the bandage she wrapped the white rag that Ma had first put around it. "Our camouflage," she said.

Nola laughed.

When Marion was ready to go home Nola went to a tomato bucket and picked out four of the largest tomatoes. "You can have these for your supper. Looks like some of them will ruin before we eat them."

"If you'd only can them," Marion said, "you would have tomatoes for next winter."

"I don't know a thing about canning," Nola's voice was edged with distress, "and besides I don't have any jars."

"I have a basement full of jars and I'll be glad—"

At that moment Ma came in.

"I reckon you can see that I was right about my fat meat poultice." She looked straight at Marion, her gray eyes challenging.

"I'm glad Mike's foot is better," Marion said, "Nola gave me these nice tomatoes for supper, and I know we're going to enjoy them."

"I growed 'em," Ma said. She did not add, "and Nola has no business giving my tomatoes away," but her eyes made Marion feel that was what she wanted to say. As she finished speaking Ma sneezed, then looked around the room and sniffed as if a bad odor had suddenly wafted her way. Her eyes centered on the lilacs. "Whoever heard of putting flowers in a house! All they're good for is to make a body sniffle." With two long steps Ma was in the doorway tossing the flowers into the yard.

Tears came to Nola's eyes but Marion whispered, "It doesn't matter. Come over to see me when you can." Then she turned to Ma. "Thank you again for the tomatoes." She left without waiting for an answer.

MARION did not tell Mack what had happened. He could say again, "I told you so," and she did not want to hear him say it. Perhaps after all he was right. Maybe there was no hope for folks like the Howards.

The next morning Marion heard a knock on the door. Nola Howard was standing there. "I want to talk to you about learning to can," she said. "Ma may not like it but seems to me we ought to be putting up some things for winter."

Marion was thoughtful. "Why not bring the tomatoes over here and can

them? I don't see how she could object to that. Once she sees how nice they are she'll be canning them herself next year."

They made their plans, and when Nola left Marion went about cleaning the kitchen with swift happy movements.

AN IDEA came to her the next morning as they finished canning four jars of large, perfectly formed tomatoes. "Nola, why don't you enter some tomatoes in the Fair exhibit?"

"You think I might win a prize?"

"Of course I think you might."

Nola's eyes shone. "I never won a prize for anything in my whole life, Mrs. Kennedy. I don't hardly see how I could do it."

"There's always a first time."

"Ma will sure be surprised to see something at the fair with my name on it," Nola said, "and she may be mad, too."

During the long summer days Marion helped Nola can other vegetables and fruit and when County Fair time came she had several exhibits. Two days before the opening Nola came rushing into Marion's house. "Ma left this morning to go see Aunt Rena. That'll give us a good chance to get all our things to Mayville without her catching on."

"Oh, but she won't be there to see the exhibits," Marion's voice showed her disappointment. "I wanted her to be surprised when—"

"Don't worry," Nola interrupted. "She wouldn't miss the Fair. Aunt Rena and Ma will more than likely be there when the gate opens."

"I've just thought of something, Nola!" Marion cried. "Why don't we take some of those late tomatoes and that nice popcorn that Ma has and enter them for her?"

"I reckon we can. I don't know exactly how Ma will take it . . ."

On opening day Marion and Mack drove into town. Marion could not escape the feeling of nervousness that crept over her. She told herself that she was not afraid of what Ma might say, and yet she dreaded to think there might be a scene.

They had just entered the exhibit building when Nola hurried toward them. "Ma has seen the things with her name on them and is she having a fit!"

Marion's breath caught in her throat. She felt Mack's hand close over her own and that gave her courage. "Maybe I can calm her down," she said to Nola with more positiveness than she felt.

When they turned the corner Marion could see Ma waving her arms, and her voice rose above the

(Continued on page 60)



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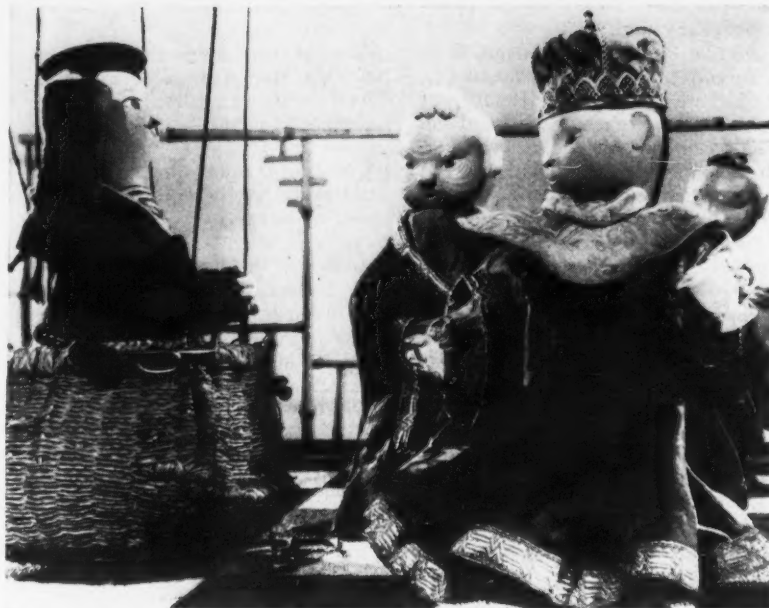
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"The Emperor's Nightingale"

BASED on the Hans Christian Andersen tale, this allegory is presented in a charming and unusual manner; its kernel of truth being that the most precious possession is not riches but personal freedom. The story is of a boy who desires to play outside the high walls of the estate in which he is confined while left in the care of two elderly aunts, who impose upon him a rigid schedule and numberless restrictions but give him no affection. Taken ill, he sees in his fevered dreams his toys and familiar keepsakes come to life as in a parable embodying all his secret yearnings. The parable presents the Emperor of China who, bored with court routine in a palace crowded with beautiful but artificial things, is really a prisoner of his own munificence until he hears of the bird with the magic heart and enchanting song: the nightingale. It is after learning that the bird can sing only for love and in liberty that he learns the value of freedom and insists upon it for himself after much sorrow.



Incredibly skillful manipulation of amusing and saucy puppets, plus exquisite color produce a warm and charming picture to be enjoyed by all the family.

So does the boy, when he awakes. His dream, still vivid in his memory, prompts him to scale the gate and join in play with the little peasant girl outside the wall. The main parts of the story are enacted by inanimate objects so skilfully manipulated that they become dream figures. Exquisite coloring paints delicate scenery, and the camera and animation combine to give lifelike expression to the characters.

The narrative, written by Phyllis McGinley and voiced by Boris Karloff, has

the quality of an old story-teller's tale. The brilliant musical score is descriptive and adds to the whinsey and wonder of a truly enchanting presentation. Its pertinent message concerns the yearning of the world today, the desire for personal freedom and human dignity. It is especially suited to July, the "freedom month."

A Rembrandt Films production, this will undoubtedly become a classic for children's programs and is sure to be appreciated by the whole family. **F**

OTHER CURRENT FILMS

Audience Suitability Ratings:

A—Adults; Y—Young people,
F—Family

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Except where so stated, these reviews are not to be construed as endorsements, either of specific films or of movie-going in general. They are for the guidance of readers who attend motion pictures, not inducements to those who do not. The "suitability" classification, moreover, is no guarantee the film is flawless; it is merely a guide.*

TALES OF HOFFMANN (*Lopert Films*). Offenbach's wildest dreams are fully realized in this imaginative adaptation of the famous opera. By introducing more ballet, preserving the brilliant musical score and elaborating on the visual possibilities of several episodes, the producers have achieved a spectacular masterpiece in the three media. To see—and hear—this film is to provide yourself with a time of enchantment. The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra renders a flawless performance of the well-known score. **A. Y.**

THE GREAT CARUSO (MGM). The highlights of the life of Caruso, from choir

boy in his native Italy to world-famous tenor, have been selected to tell a beautiful story of the golden era of opera. Mario Lanza's portrayal of Caruso is excellent. Many well-known operatic arias sung in their proper settings, the variety of costumes, the personalities portrayed and the period chronicled—all add to the artistic values of this production. The photography is exceptionally good. One minor objection: it seems that the use of whiskey to clear the throat and the comments on its supposed therapeutic qualities are given undue emphasis. **A. Y.**

ON THE RIVIERA (20th Century-Fox). A musical farce, colorful and lavish in setting and entertainment, this is built on a case of mistaken identity and Danny Kaye's unique ability to impersonate several persons successfully. The dialogue is

clever but often skids close to the border between good and bad taste. There is a delightful dancing interlude, "Popo the Puppet," which would make a choice short for family entertainment. The rest of the story is for mature audiences. **A, Y**

THE BRAVE BULLS (*Columbia*). This film seems to say that fighting the "brave bulls" in Mexico requires physical courage and a measure of fanaticism, qualities lacking in the main character. This drama is enacted in a constant seething of primitive and barbaric emotions, a measure of sadistic hysteria on the part of the crowds spurred on by the strident music of trumpets, the actual staging of several *corridos*, while the personal conflict goes on unabatedly and pathetically in the hero. There is elemental drama, heavy with local color, constant drinking and roistering, with some pagan superstition and semi-religious fervor. A

THE FIRST LEGION (*United Artists*). The history of the "Society of Jesus"—Jesuits—has been a turbulent one since its founding by Ignatius Loyola in 1539. We are told here the "story of some of these men" in California, in the novitiate

CHRISTIAN HERALD

Film Reviews and Ratings by the

**PROTESTANT
MOTION PICTURE
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of St. Gregory. This picture is planned for general appeal but will be appreciated most by Roman Catholics. Others will perhaps recognize in it the high quality of its production, the good acting of a distinguished cast, the traditional religious music woven throughout the score. It will also offer a glimpse into one of the phases of the life of the outwardly peaceful but powerful "First Legion." Some ethical considerations are not fully clarified. **A, Y**

THE HOUSE ON TELEGRAPH HILL (20th Century-Fox). A heavily dramatic murder mystery with a sinister tale which, while outwardly preserving the amenities of normal living, gives only a few glimpses into the motivation of the plot. Suspense is kept by creating doubts about the villain and what he will succeed in doing. There is a great deal of lying by all concerned, to and about one another. Depiction of the extremes to which a man's greed will carry him to obtain wealth is also pointed. **A, Older Y**

TAKE CARE OF MY LITTLE GIRL (20th Century-Fox). An exploration into the workings of college undergraduate sororities. This will be viewed with different reactions; some will resent the accusations, others may think the probe is long overdue. Vivid Technicolor, campus singing, elaborate co-ed wardrobes will interest the teenagers. (One wonders if and when these bright young people find time to study!) **A, Y**

FIVE (Columbia). Even though there are a few mildly interesting spots in this story, it is on the whole a dreary performance tending to prove that man's heart is "desperately wicked." The plot, built around the sole survivors of an atom bombing, has a Dantesque setting. Even though it aims to leave a ray of hope, it is like a foreboding of doom. **A**

GOODBYE, MY FANCY (Warners). The story of a seemingly sensible woman U.S. Senator who clings to the memory of a youthful romance and hopes to take up where she left off, only to discover that the man she had loved has not grown in social understanding commensurate with her own development. There are some good, if wordy, speeches. Eve Arden offers some crisp comments and wry humor to relieve some of the tedium. **A, Y**

THE PAINTED HILLS (MGM). Based on the novel "Shepherd of the Painted Hills" by Alexander Hull, this is not only a "dog story" in a beautiful western setting, but also the revelation of the disintegration of a man's character when covetousness creeps into his motives. The tone of the action is harsh, including treachery and violence to such a degree that it is scarcely suitable for children's audiences. **A, Y**

THE LOVERS OF VERONA (Soufaïne Selective Pictures, Inc.). A re-telling of the Romeo and Juliet story in terms of today, this depicts the love affair of two modern young people in the Shakespearean pattern. It gives a merciless account of decadent Italy as a result of fascism, war,

internal intrigue and personal degradation. The ill-starred lovers seem to be the only decent blossoms rooted in this socially evil swamp. Lines from the Shakespeare drama serve as a commentary to weld past and present actions. French dialogue equally poetic and pungent; good English sub-titles. **A**

UP FRONT (Universal-International). A fantastic story involving two GIs in the Italian campaign, their battle with the M.P.'s and their strenuous adventures with wine, women and black-market operators. Rabelaisian action and humor prevail throughout. **A, Y**

SEALED CARGO (RKO). An exciting war story in which the crew of a Gloucester fishing vessel rescues another ship off the Great Banks, only to learn that she carries a sealed cargo—torpedoes for Nazi U-Boats on foray in the Atlantic. Suspense runs high, the story is interesting and the photography very effective. **A, Older Y**

HE RAN ALL THE WAY (United Artists). The story of a mentally weak young man influenced to help in a payroll theft, this melodrama with tragic overtones carries all the "crime does not pay" implications. Horror keeps up the hectic suspense, with not a moment of relief, and the drama is enacted in very sordid backgrounds. **A**

THE BULLFIGHTER AND THE LADY (Republic). A drama of violent excitement and intense suspense. The basic points of bullfighting are described, the technicalities acquainting us with the brutal "sport" which seems to amuse other people. Emphasis is on courage of man and beast. It is significant that in this film death of animals is not visualized but man can be seen dying without apparent qualms, so cheap has human life become in our day. **A**

THE THING (RKO). A suspense-packed story concerning a creature from another planet, this is the stuff from which semi-scientific nightmares are made. It may interest those who enjoy the Frankenstein-type of entertainment—if they can stand the excruciating state of horror and suspense it generates. Technically well done. **A**

THE PRINCE WHO WAS A THIEF (Universal-International). A colorful fairy story along the line of some ancient Arabian Nights tale. With some Robin Hood implications. If taken literally, it glamorizes thieves and their actions. But if placed in its proper setting as a fantastic tale, it is spectacular escape entertainment, full of excitement and color. **F**

THE SWORD OF MONTE CRISTO (20th Century-Fox). A story only distantly related to Dumas' famous character. There is plenty of derring-do; the heroine, disguised as a masked cavalier, can fence and swing from the chandelier with the best of men; a castle is honeycombed with secret passages and deep dungeons, and houses strange adventures. "Supercine-color" is kind to the eyes. **A, Y**

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SONS OF THE DEAD

(Continued from page 27)

No one needed to be told that such a project was urgently necessary. German youth had not been prepared for defeat. The Hitler youth organizations had uprooted all respect for the family, God and the Church. Then when Nazism, the new faith, was in turn destroyed, German youth was left in a spiritual vacuum.

Take the case of 14-year-old Otto, a farm lad from eastern Germany. His father was killed in battle. With his mother and three little sisters he worked the farm until all fled before the Russian invasion. Overrun by the troops, Otto and his sisters stood helplessly on the road while eight yellow-skinned Russian soldiers ravished the mother. An hour later the children dug their mother's grave and pushed on. Somehow Otto led his sisters to the home of a cousin in the British sector. Here there was a roof, but no food. Otto went alone to Bremen and became a scavenger in the bombed-out city, joining a youthful gang of black marketeers in foodstuffs, sending his earnings to his sisters. Remember that Otto was only 14! After a year and a half, Gedat's organization rescued him from the police and, after six months of stormy rehabilitation effort, placed him permanently on a farm which also took in his sisters.

Gedat believes Otto to be a fairly typical example of the problem in rehabilitation faced by the Boys Towns.

“You do not heal Otto's wounds by telling him God is love,” Gedat says. “Otto stares contemptuously at you and replies, ‘God did not love my mother.’”

THE catalogue of these tragedies is endless. I talked for an hour to a lad named Hans, from Pomerania, whose story was incredible, though every detail had been verified. He was only 12 when the Russians came to his house and arrested his father, after maltreating his mother so severely that she died a few days later in a hospital. Hans waited a week for his father to return. Neighbors were afraid to take him in, lest they themselves become suspect of anti-Soviet sympathies. Finally, alone and friendless, Hans wandered away in search of food. Remember that he was only 12 and small for his years. In eight months Hans had successfully eluded the Russian occupation forces, the French border guards, Swiss authorities, Italian police, and had found refuge in Northern Italy with a farm family which equipped him with bogus identity papers.

With them he stayed two years until he was rounded up and returned to Germany. Placed in a reformatory in the Western zone, the then 14-year-old boy fled the debasing influences of the institution and for another year he roamed the countryside. Then he heard of Boys Towns and walked into one of them, begging refuge. Today he is studying carpentry and looking forward to the time when, his apprenticeship completed, he can go out as a master carpenter.

All the time I talked to Hans I kept thinking of my own son, aged 7, and wondering whether, five years from now, he could survive a similar situation.

When another boy, Johan, arrived at Schloss Kaltenstein, a huge ninth-century Rhine valley castle-fortress given as a Boys Town by the German government, he was filthy, disreputable, tough and foul-mouthed. He was deloused, bathed, given a haircut and clean clothing, then allowed for a long time to soak up the atmosphere of the place.

KALTENSTEIN towers, like a fairy castle, over a fertile valley, the mediaeval town of Vaihingen nestled snugly against its walls. The vista from the castle's hundred windows is one of neatness, industry and peace.

In this setting, 250 boys from 14 to 20 are transforming themselves from derelicts into useful men. The adult staff consists of only twelve persons: eight master craftsmen to teach trades, two former college professors to lead discussions, an administrative executive, and a spiritual counsellor.

The adults impose no rules. The boys make their own rules, allot among themselves the housekeeping chores, and are completely self-governing. On this self-reliance Gedat has insisted from the beginning. German youth has been told over too many generations, he believes, exactly what to do and how to think and act. Christian self-discipline has been the keystone of the rehabilitation.

The program is based on three tenets: self-control, self-education, self-government. The boys elect a president, three judges and a parliament of twelve from among themselves. The parliament makes the rules, the judges enforce them. Offenders are brought before a formal court, the judges hear the evidence, and mete out punishment, which consists in temporary loss of privileges. The adults may not change the decisions of parliament or judi-

ary, but have veto power. In case of a veto, the matter is reconsidered by the boys, but often their original decision stands.

Such freedom of expression is new in Germany, and is now, after four years, under scrutiny by national education boards. With more than 150,000 graduates of Boys' Towns making good on their own, the success of the Boys Town system has had substantial impact on German educational thinking.

Oskar Ritter, a leading member of the Social Democrat party and director of criminal police in Mannheim, stated categorically at a recent party meeting that, in his opinion, the Boys Towns provided "the only example in Germany of re-education that really works."

Schloss Kaltenstein, which is typical of most of the twelve Boys Towns, devotes half a day to vocational training, and half a day to education, spiritual restoration and recreation. The boys are observed closely and are kept no longer than necessary. If a boy chooses a trade not taught at the castle, he is apprenticed out in a nearby city, returning to the castle at night. Thus any trade can be taught, including farming on the forty-hectare (approx. 100 acres) fruit and dairy farm belonging to the castle. Several lads are studying for professions, and even, out of the depths of war wreckage, three young men are training for the Christian ministry.

For an example of the type of spiritual guidance offered, there is the aforementioned completely demoralized Johan. When he reached Schloss Kaltenstein he would not associate with other boys. For weeks he remained alone, although he kept clean and worked hard.

When I saw Johan six months later, there still were dark circles under his eyes, and flesh thinly covered him. But his eyes sparkled and his cheeks were ruddy. He told me he is learning to be a roof tiler, and that he sings in the chapel choir.

"If anyone had told me a year ago," he said, "that I would be singing in a choir today and enjoying it, I would have laughed at him."

Johan, like 150,000 before him, is about ready to take his place in the world. So also is another I met, named Karl, aged 20. His parents were killed in an air raid in Hamburg when he was 15. He fled the stricken city for peaceful Switzerland, was caught at the border and placed in an institution for young criminals. Here everything was so sordid, in contrast to his respectable middle-class background, that he ran away to a life on the road. Again caught

by police, he was referred to a Boys Town where, in three years, he became a master mechanic and soon will go, with three other Boys Town graduates, to good jobs with an oil company in Venezuela, and a new life on a new continent.

Most of the boys do not remain in camp for the three years required to become master craftsmen. More than 100,000 have been placed, after a period of readjustment, with Christian families. Here their lives are more normal while they continue their trade schooling.

Gedat draws great satisfaction from this foster parentage of his young charges, for he feels it is doing a double rehabilitation. Countless parents in Germany lost their children in the war; the lads from Boys Towns, coming among such people, fill the empty void in their lives.

Four years' experience has taught Gedat that rehabilitation is most rapid when the boys are not kept in camp too long. As soon as they begin to earn money in the world, they improve with greater speed. Out of this observation two new camps have come, set up in old army barracks on the edge of industrial cities.

But each new project is launched with trepidation, for the Boys Towns have never had much money. They are financed by the voluntary contributions of Christians, and the German government pays for the board of youths referred to the Boys Towns by its agencies.

THE most pitiful cases at present are the refugees from Communist Europe who slip across the borders at an estimated rate of 1,000 nightly. Most of them reach Berlin where, in the Western zone, they have freedom of movement but are ringed on all sides by Soviet forces. The only safe exit from Berlin for a refugee is by air to Frankfurt, and this is expensive. So the boys, who at the risk of their lives fled Communism expecting a new chance in the West, roam Berlin's streets until, disillusioned, they return to the Communist zone.

These are the young men on whom Gedat is now concentrating, for he knows that once they return to the East, they will be absorbed quickly by Communist youth organizations. The allied military government gives no help to lads who once were members of the Hitler youth, even though such membership was compulsory. So the boys are caught in a pocket. The Communists, on the other hand, ask no questions, but take the boys in, indoctrinate them, and make soldiers of them.

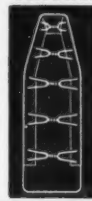
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such a message, Gedat has learned through his experience with 150,000 boys, is Christianity itself. But this is hard to sell to cynical boys who have lived bitterly and are sophisticated far beyond their years.

Such boys do not respond to arguments on the weaknesses of Communism. "Yes," they say, "but what are you doing about it? If we join you, and the Russians come, we will be liquidated. If we keep free of all Western influences, we have a chance to survive."

Expecting Europe to be swallowed up inevitably by the Reds, the boys see no hope for the future when they drift from the Soviet to the Western zones. Nihilistic, they are living for today, enjoying the moment, without belief in any tomorrow. Why should they learn a trade, they ask, why work hard to rebuild a land which will only be wrecked again by a new war?

Also, they have been subjected to Communist propaganda, and are not sure that Western ways are preferable. The boys from Dresden, whose city was razed after the war was already won, ask pointedly why their peaceful pottery center was wrecked and a quarter-million people destroyed, while just outside Frankfurt the vast I.G. Farben war plant stands without a window broken. The Communists make much of this. Each year, on the anniversary of the Dres-

den raid, the Communists celebrate there the "Day of American Cruelty," and say, "It was the capitalist Americans who bombed your cities, not we." In Berlin, where the Western zone becomes Russian, the Reds have erected a large sign proclaiming: "You are now entering the democratic sector of Berlin." The young people see and hear these powerful propaganda measures, and wonder which ideology is right for them, or whether there is anything to choose between the two.

GEDAT and the Boys Town counsellors answer that there is something to choose, and that choice is the Christian way, championing as it does the importance of the individual, independence of thought and expression, and love for one's fellow men. In a world torn apart, the Boys Town counsellors point out that the Christian way is the only clearly marked avenue left through the rubble that once was Germany. In Christ there is hope, they teach.

The point is delicate, and hard to make, but somehow the boys come to see it finally. It is not hammered in. Rather it is reflected in the faces of young men who have found happiness again, and who have made a start, in complete independence, upon a new life. That, Gedat knows, and every boy eventually comes to feel, the Communists cannot refute.

WAY TO A WOMAN'S HEART

(Continued from page 55)

others. "Somebody has meddled with my things," she said, "I don't know who done it but it's a penitentiary offense to sign folks' names without their permission." Marion saw "Aunt Rena," almost a replica of Ma, nodding her agreement.

A man with an assortment of colored ribbons approached the booth and said: "Sorry we're late getting these ribbons on, but we ran short of help. Stand back, please, so I can attach these ribbons to the prize-winners."

His activity momentarily stopped Ma's threats. The crowd stood back and watched. When he came to the exhibits with Ma's name he put a blue ribbon on the popcorn and on the tomatoes he put a red ribbon. "Look, Ma," Epp cried, "you've won a first and second prize!"

The man stopped and turned, "Is the lady here who won both prizes?"

"I'm here all right, but —"

"Well let me shake your hand." The man came over to where she stood. "It isn't often that a person only makes two entries and wins a prize on both. Congratulations!"

Ma gave a stiff nod but Marion saw

that she could not completely suppress the smile on her lips.

"Nola," Marion said, when the man had finished, "we almost forgot to see if you won anything!" They hurried to the next booth.

"A blue ribbon on tomatoes!" Nola cried joyfully. "To think I've won a prize!"

Marion looked back at Ma and saw that many of her neighbors were talking to her about her prize-winning display. "I'm going to put some things in here myself next year," one of them said. Another said, "You know, I ought to brought some peaches off that tree in the back yard. I might have won a prize."

"I'm going to enter more than two things next year," Ma said. "No telling how many prizes I might get. Only entered two and got two prizes—" her voice trailed off proudly.

"Well, Mrs. Kennedy," Mack said, "I see you've proved how wrong I was. How about a trip to the livestock building to see what goes on there?"

"I'd love it, Mr. Kennedy." He took her hand and together they walked out across the fairgrounds.

FREEDOM'S CROWNING HOUR

(Continued from page 18)

best may be released and set free."

Which type of person awakens in the morning with the more unfettered soul—the one who operates in the irresponsibility of doing what he pleases, or the one who is operating within the bound of a sacred responsibility? Liberty is not the right to do what we choose; it is the responsibility of choosing to do what is right.

But there is another side to this enclosure around liberty, and that is the knowledge of the price that has been paid for it. If my forefathers saw fit to risk death for their church, isn't there something about it so essential to the community that I don't dare be lackadaisical about it?

There are other areas than the church in which this is true. I am proud of America, I am proud of her democracy, imperfect though it is. I am proud of the opportunities within her. I am proud of her independence. But somehow I cannot just enjoy these things. I cannot boast, "This is a free country," and then go about doing as I please. For there are memories that place bounds on my freedom—memories of prices that have been paid. I am not only thinking of Valley Forge or the bloody years of the Civil War. I think of boys who had barely tasted of life, who have died in fox holes and planes and sunken ships that we might still have a free America.

The memory of those young fellows should place bounds around all of our freedoms. What they paid for must not be squandered, but retained by eternal vigilance. We are enjoying something in our church, in our nation, that men gave their lives to achieve. The price of freedom is always sacrifice. It is to be lived for and died for—but if those who enjoy it live what it involves, God grant the time may soon come when no more men will have to die for it! Then freedom's crowning hour will be here.

"Live like free men, only never make your freedom a pretext of misconduct; live like servants of God." That last phrase suggests the third boundary to freedom. We must live as slaves of the highest we know. That means believing in the basic goodness of other people. Then we must believe in the power of God—that in Him we become free. In Him one's thinking is guided by a faith in God; in Him the tyranny of self is lost in the service of others. Strange, isn't it, how all things that would lead to a better, freer life find their answers in Christ? It is those who are slaves to Him that find their truest freedom.

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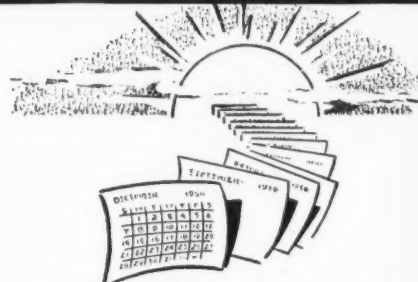
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CONFESSIONS OF AN EX-"LIBERAL"

(Continued from page 24)

by man to defend himself and to be defended. So states the Sixth Amendment—that the accused has the right "to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defense."

In our noisy symposiums on the state of the Union, we young Liberals never thought of another bulwark of our personal freedom, namely, the law of *habeas corpus*. Do you know what that law may do for you? I learned something about it the other day when an acquaintance was arrested in an accident case and sent to prison. A lawyer quickly secured a writ of *habeas corpus*, which means, literally, "you are ordered to have the body." The police were thereby required to produce the jailed man in court, and a fair judge decided that the police did not have sufficient reason to hold the man in jail and sent him home to his distracted wife and family.

The law of *habeas corpus* has been called the "great writ of personal

liberty." It is the basic guarantee of personal freedom in America, and no one can be denied it except in times of great public danger or when martial law is in force. Its foundation was in the Magna Carta of the early thirteenth century, and our American law embodied it.

Along with the Bill of Rights, I read again the Preamble to our Constitution. It vies with the King James version of the Bible in grandeur, poignant expression, and nobility of purpose.

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

"Establish justice, promote the general welfare, secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." Those phrases sang in my ears as I closed my history book.

How right my old professor had been!

THE SHEPHERDESS WHO BLEACHES BLACK SHEEP

(Continued from page 17)

too sick for anything but two or three days in bed. Mrs. Schramm gives them decreasingly small amounts of alcohol to taper off, and then substitutes fruit and vegetable juices.

When these cases first come downstairs they are pitiful sights—often shaking and trembling, always heavy with defeat and sunk in despair. Now it's important for each to become an integral part of the life of the farmhouse.

The comfortable, homey living room and kitchen have a relaxing influence on frayed nerves. The kitchen is especially popular as Levada Schramm is usually to be found there—for three hearty and appetizing meals every day don't just happen.

K.P. duty also draws the men to the kitchen. It is they who set the table, do the dishes and mop the floor. In fact, their teamwork keeps the whole house shipshape—and they enjoy working together. The ever changing groups are amazingly congenial, considering their widely divergent backgrounds and interests.

They help on the farm too, and reciprocally, that labor helps them mightily. With their morale and spirits still way below ground level, a fresh interest is imperative, and that's where farm work comes in.

Crouchy though the man may be, the cooperative spirit around him has had its effect, and when he finds a pick or spade in his hands, he surprises himself by digging—and liking it.

Climaxing the physical upbuilding, a spiritual awakening often takes place on the farm. Mrs. Schramm's deep assurance and quiet strength seem infinitely desirable to bewildered, groping patients. They catch a spark from the faith that shines through her works. And outdoor life tends to fan that spark, in men with receptive hearts and minds. After lifting up their eyes day after day to the hills in the blue distance, they come to understand the psalmist's, "from whence cometh my help." Many leave the farm fortified by a new trust in a Higher Power, and clutching that great blessing they had feared lost to them forever—peace of mind.

"I GUESS most of us came as agnostics—know I did," admitted the chemical engineer, sprawled in a big lounging chair. "And I used to teach Sunday school. It seems as though the more religiously inclined a man was before drink got him down, the farther the pendulum swings the other way when he finds himself in

the mess of alcoholism, apparently abandoned by God."

Mrs. Schramm's successful project has outgrown the old farmhouse. Larger quarters have long been a "must," but—what to use for money? Character, the main crop of *this* farm, draws no subsidy. Finally, Levada Schramm had an inspiration: would the men, residents and "alumni," like to do the building themselves? They agreed.

The work progresses slowly, for when funds that can be spared for building materials run out; construction just has to wait until sufficient money comes in. But with a bank teller mixing mortar, a truck driver nailing joists, and a lawyer laying bricks, another vision is becoming reality for Levada Schramm, farmer extraordinary.

Her magic formula for bleaching black sheep? Mix heaping measures of faith, hope and charity. Apply with—understanding.

CHRISTIAN BEHIND PLATE

(Continued from page 40)

taken root in one place—St. Louis. They have spent the past two winters—as well as summers—in their apartment across from the church (Mrs. Rice doesn't go south with Dell in the spring) so that son Ronnie, approaching school age, would not have his studies interrupted by changing schools in mid-term. Ronnie, now in the first grade at Marcus Lutheran parochial school, attended kindergarten there previous to the 1950-'51 term, and goes to Bible school there in summer.

Del also attends church on the road whenever he has the opportunity. But whether in church or out of it he insists "it's just as easy to live by Christian principles in baseball as in any other means of livelihood."

Probably the most dramatic evidence of the power of prayer ever experienced by Del came in the last half of the thirteenth inning of a scoreless (up to that point) pitchers' duel last May between Harry Brecheen of the Cardinals and Johnny Schmitz of the Chicago Cubs.

With two out and the bases empty, Del came to bat and belted a home run.

"I had decided I was just due to get hold of one that day," Del relates the incident, "until I got home and happened to see Pastor Ostruske coming out of the parsonage. It turned out that Pastor Ostruske had flipped on his radio just before I came to bat and, realizing here was my chance to break up the ball game, had said a quick prayer for me to get a homer." THE END



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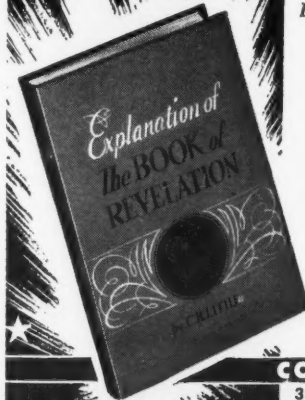
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BACK TALK

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Catholic Reader Speaks Out

TO THE EDITORS:

Commenting on your answer to Mr. Maher's letter (May), I agree with you 100%. As another Catholic reader, I think every Catholic ought to read CHRISTIAN HERALD to get better acquainted with our Protestant friends—to intensify our love for them and also be edified by them. If we had more humility we might learn much from them.

I cannot agree with you when, in the same issue, in your answer to Mrs. Bereza, you speak of "the spiritually arrogant and Scripturally unfounded assumption on the part of Catholics that theirs and theirs only is 'the Church.'" Just what is wrong with that belief, if sincerely and honestly arrived at?

I do agree that some of the Catholic hierarchy are arrogant in other matters, and especially when they do not protest against discrimination against Protestants in countries where Catholics outnumber Protestants. We Catholics ought to set a Christlike example in affording complete freedom of conscience on this entire globe where we have the influence to do so.

If we are real disciples of Christ, we'll respect all those who honestly disagree with us—and, of course, Christ commands us to love even our enemies and to pray for them. If we love Christ we'll keep this commandment and all the others.

I like CHRISTIAN HERALD and would not do without it.

Geneva, O.

C. E. ROE

No "Waste Paper" Here!

TO THE EDITORS:

Since reading the letter in your March issue about old magazines and waste paper, thought I would tell you what we do. A lady from Holland was visiting near here a couple of years ago and liked our CHRISTIAN HERALDS very much. Since her return to Holland, we have been sending them to her. She writes that she reads them, gives them to her pastor who reads them, then he gives them to his congregation who read them until they are worn out. So I imagine in this case there is no waste paper left.

Seward, N. Y.

EMERSON MARCLEY

Bible Repairers Wanted

TO THE EDITORS:

Several months ago, while thumbing through CHRISTIAN HERALD, I came across the article about Felix Wolff (Jan. '51). I felt very happy, for I had been in search of someone to re-bind my Bible. I wrote immediately to Mr. Wolff, and upon hearing from him and the reasonable amount

he charged, I soon mailed my Bible to him. Several weeks later I was puzzled and disappointed that it was returned marked "refused." I, of course, wrote for an explanation and today I am in receipt of a very lengthy letter explaining the matter. His letter is so sincere and yet rather sad. He stated that after that article appeared in the HERALD he was so deluged with Bibles that he had to return about 75. He expressed the desire that some day he could "call the Bibles back" and thus satisfy many people.

His letter and predicament so impressed me that I thought you would be interested in knowing about it. It seems to me that this small indication showing the desire of so many people to have their treasured Bibles repaired should be a suggestion for some company to favor people with this service.

Sumerduck, Va.

MRS. ARCHIE W. EDWARDS

MacArthur and Satan

TO THE EDITORS:

The recent dismissing of Gen. MacArthur lends more evidence that Satan's forces have been working against him. . . . Any time one of the body of Christ receives a blow, the whole body is affected. MacArthur was not only a great soldier of the U.S.A. but he is also a great soldier of the Cross.

Decatur, Ill.

A. E. CONWAY

"Noble Order"

TO THE EDITORS:

As a minister's wife of many years, in splendid parishes, I am amazed at the "Lament of a Minister's Wife" (April '51). The career of a minister's wife has been for me challenging, fascinating and inspiring. I can't imagine any minister's wife saying such things as that article records. Her insinuating indictments of parishioners in general is an insult to any average parish, and betrays her own inefficiency and her utter lack of qualification for the sacred calling of a minister's wife. The article gives a false impression in regard to fine church people, and casts reflection on the noble order of Ministers' Wives.

Cincinnati, Ohio

MRS. H. E. ARMACOST

• Sorry, ladies of the parsonage. In printing Mr. Fontaine's humorous little piece, we had no idea that any member of the "noble order" would take his gentle jibes so seriously.

... The kindest, most thoughtful people in the world are church members. Fortunately indeed is any woman who snares a

minister as her husband, for her life will be cast in pleasant places. For eighteen years our family has sung psalms of thanksgiving for our church people. When our three children were little they had every childhood disease. And who was it that brought hot casseroles and luscious pastries at the end of weary days? Who was it that telephoned the message, "I'll come over for a couple of hours this afternoon so you can have some freedom"? Who was it that said, "Now you just forget about your Sunday-school class; we will take care of everything"? It was our church members, bless their hearts.

When we were first married (on a tattered shoestring, of course) there was one commercial slogan that nearly drove us frantic: "Watch the Fords go by." They went by all right. Much as we needed an automobile we couldn't afford so much as a spark plug. And then, very quietly and sacrificially, our church members broke open their piggy banks. On a Saturday we will never forget, a second-hand Pontiac did not go by, but was parked in our driveway as our very own.

So it went through the years. Each thoughtful material gift was matched a hundred-fold by spiritual kindnesses. The telephone calls prompted by a loving concern would, if put end to end, circle the globe. The many behind-our-back solicitations have built firm foundations under our four pastorates.

Our family budget has been a cause for real concern on the part of our church "pillars." No gold-fish bowl attitude has ever marred our desire to do our job well, to be accepted by our community, and to keep our living standards high. Our bank balance has never exceeded two weeks' salary. Nor does it now, after eighteen years. But never have we been desperate—thanks to our parishioners.

Best of all, our life has not been entirely our own. The fences erected by our profession have, in the long run, been our salvation. Our children have been required to hold to certain standards, not alone for their intrinsic merit, but because their father is a minister. In return, the church members have allowed them the greatest freedom of action.

We have had that same glorious freedom allotted to us. Not in the matter of working hours, for always there is some need to be met. Our life is not our own in the realm of being free to choose intimate friends, nor to go away when we want to, nor to sleep late on Sunday mornings! A deeper freedom is ours; the knowledge that, weak or strong, we have the membership of our church standing steadfastly behind us. They are sincerely happy in our joys and concerned in our sorrow. Our public life and our private life belongs to our church members, yes; but it belongs to us as well, and it is doubly precious because of the dual ownership.

Providence, R. I.

(MRS.) CLARISSA R. KOEHLER

• Seldom have we seen a more beautiful tribute to church members than that made by Mrs. Koehler, wife of Calvary Baptist Church's minister. We have no doubt that she reflects the sentiments of thousands of ministers' wives.

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